









VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. VOL. II. Chap. E.
Olivia rejecting with disdain the offer of
a Purse of Money from Squire Thornhill.

Chas. M. Sugden

THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD,
A TALE,
IN TWO VOLUMES,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. I.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.



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MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

“THE life of a scholar,” Dr. Goldsmith has remarked, “feldom abounds with adventure; his fame is acquired in solitude, and the historian who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind: but we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.”

Oliver Goldsmith, son of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four sons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well instructed in the classics, at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity-college, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744. While he resided there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which, in his maturer years, raised his character so high. On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after, he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged

4 MEMOIRS OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of having engaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the good offices of Laughlin Maclane, Esq. and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made most part of his tour on foot.* He had left England with very little money; and, being of a philosophic turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from an amusement, became, at some times, the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. ‘When-
‘ever I approached a peasant’s house towards night-
‘fall,’ he used to say, ‘I played one of my most

* ‘Countries wear different appearances to travellers of
‘different circumstances. A man who is whirled through
‘Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the
‘grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions.
‘*Haud inexpertus loquor.*’ Goldsmith’s *Present State of
Learning in Europe*, 1758.

‘merry

‘ merry tunes, and that generally procured me not
 ‘ only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day :
 ‘ but, IN TRUTH’ (his constant expression) ‘ I
 ‘ must own, whenever I attempted to entertain per-
 ‘ sons of a higher rank, they always thought my
 ‘ performance odious, and never made me any re-
 ‘ turn for my endeavours to please them.’

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle Mr. S. ***** This youth, who was articled to an attorney on receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself: and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

During Goldsmith’s continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called the TRAVELLER, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to happiness and obscurity, on an income of only forty pounds a year. The great affection Goldsmith bore for this brother, is thus expressed in the poem before-mentioned, and gives a striking picture of his situation.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
 Or where Campania’s plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravel’d fondly turns to thee:
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a length’ning chain:

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire,
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around,
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

From Geneva Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence. An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He applied to several apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman, but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleight was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share

his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and, at the close of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him as one of the writers in the Public Ledger *, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of 'Chinese Letters.'

Fortune now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and, about

* During this time, (according to another account) he wrote for the British Magazine, of which Dr. Smollet was then editor, most of those *Essays* and *Tales*, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fasts* by a pedantic school-master, and his *Enquiry into the Present State of Learning in Europe*, which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who recommended him to several literati, and to most of the booksellers, by whom he was afterwards patronized.

the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel style.

Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland, and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait of his character. 'I was invited,' said the Doctor, 'by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded on to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an anti-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance: taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed.'

The Doctor at the time of this visit was much embarrassed in his circumstances, but vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage; he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to

appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait; he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-mall, in their way to his Lordship, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publications of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, were followed by his comedy of *The Goodnatured Man*, at Covent Garden theatre, which placed him in the first rank of modern writers.

With respect to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is certainly a composition which has justly merited the applause of all discerning readers, as one of the best Novels in the English language. The diction is chaste, correct, and elegant. The characters are drawn to the life, and the scenes it exhibits are ingeniously variegated with humour and sentiment. The hero of the piece displays the most shining virtues that can adorn relative and social life; sincere in his profession, humane and generous in his disposition, he is himself a pattern of the character he represents, enforcing that excellent maxim, that example is more powerful than precept. His wife is drawn as possessing many laudable qualifications, and her prevailing passion for external parade, is an inoffensive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our censure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's eldest daughter, is contrasted with that of Sophia the younger; the one being represented as of a disposition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and steady; though neither of them seems to have

have indulged their peculiar propensity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production, it may be truly said that it inculcates the purest lessons of morality and virtue, free from the rigid laws of stoicism, and adapted to abstract the esteem and observation of every ingenious mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious in its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chastest ear.

Our Doctor, as he was now universally called, had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short a performance. 'In truth,' replied Goldsmith, 'I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note:' which he actually did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out very considerable.

The author addresses this poem to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addresses. He then proceeds to contrast the innocence and happiness of a simple and a natural state with the miseries and vices that have been introduced by polished life, and gives the following beautiful apostrophe to retirement:

' O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care that never must be mine;
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And since 'tis hard to combat learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects brightning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !'

The description of the parish priest (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village school-master, and a description of the village ale-house, both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial peasures; the miseries of those who for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad, and concludes with the following beautiful apostrophe to poetry :

' And thou sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.'

The Doctor did not reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The Doctor replied, ‘My Lord, by courting the muses I shall starve, but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good cloaths, and enjoy the luxuries of life.’

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intitled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman thought would not succeed, on the Doctor’s objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin’s speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenness replied, ‘Psha, my dear Doctor, do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*.’ The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman’s expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith’s pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

The success of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abusive publication, Dr. Goldsmith repaired to the house of the publisher, and after remonstrating on the *malignity* of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the shoulders of the *publisher*, who making a powerful resistance, from being the *defensive* soon became the *offensive* combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher’s, hearing a noise in the shop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the Doctor to a coach. The papers instantly teemed with fresh abuse on the impropriety of the Doctor’s attempting to beat a person in his own house, on which in the

Daily Advertiser of Wednesday, March 31, 1773,
he inserted the following address :

‘ To the PUBLIC.

‘ LEST it should be supposed that I have been
‘ willing to correct in others an abuse of which I
‘ have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare,
‘ that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a
‘ single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a news-
‘ paper, except a few moral essays, under the
‘ character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in
‘ the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my
‘ name, in the St. James’s Chronicle. If the liberty
‘ of the press therefore has been abused, I have had
‘ no hand in it.

‘ I have always considered the press as the pro-
‘ tector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian,
‘ capable of uniting the weak against the encroach-
‘ ments of power. What concerns the public most
‘ properly admits of a public discussion. But of
‘ late, the press has turned from defending public
‘ interest, to making inroads upon private life: from
‘ combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble.
‘ No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and
‘ the protector is become the tyrant of the people.
‘ In this manner the freedom of the press is begin-
‘ ning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the
‘ great must oppose it from principle, and the weak
‘ from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall
‘ be found to give up its benefits, content with se-
‘ curity from its insults.

‘ How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by
‘ which all are indiscriminately abused, and by
‘ which vice consequently escapes in the general
‘ censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is,
‘ that, as the law gives us no protection against the
‘ injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter
‘ after having provoked correction. The insults
‘ which we receive before the public, by being more
‘ open are the more distressing; by treating them

‘ with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient
 ‘ deference to the opinion of the world. By recur-
 ‘ ring to legal redress, we too often expose the
 ‘ weakness of the law, which only serves to encrease
 ‘ our mortification by failing to relieve us. In
 ‘ short, every man should singly consider himself as
 ‘ a guardian of the liberty of the press, and as far
 ‘ as his influence can extend, should endeavour to
 ‘ prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave
 ‘ of its freedom.

‘ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.’

Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces, by some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority, that he cleared 1800*l.* in one year, his circumstances were by no means in a prosperous situation; partly owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, and consequently became the prey of those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Just before his death he had formed a design for executing an universal dictionary of arts and sciences, the *prospectus* of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr Garrick) had promised to assist, and to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the booksellers which he had imagined it would receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered

upon

upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever.

On Friday the twenty-fifth of March, 1774, finding himself extremely ill, he sent at eleven o'clock at night for Mr Hawes, an apothecary, to whom he complained of a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head, his tongue was moist, he had a cold shivering, and his pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He acquainted him he had taken two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as a vomit, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. Mr. Hawes replied, that in his opinion this medicine was very improper at *that* time, and begged he would not think of it; but every argument used seemed only to render him more determined in his own opinion.

Mr. Hawes knowing that in preceding illnesses Dr. Goldsmith always consulted Dr. Fordyce, and that he had expressed the greatest opinion of his abilities as a physician, requested that he might be permitted to send for him. It was a full quarter of an hour before Mr. Hawes could obtain his consent, as the taking Dr. James's powders appeared to be the only object which employed his attention; and even then he endeavoured to throw an obstacle in his way, by saying, that Dr. Fordyce was gone to spend the evening in Gerrard-street, 'where,' added he, 'I should also have been, if I had not been indisposed.' Mr. Hawes immediately dispatched a messenger, who found Dr. Fordyce at home, and who waited on Dr. Goldsmith directly.

Dr. Fordyce represented to him the impropriety of taking the powders in his *then* situation; but he was deaf to all remonstrances, and unhappily persisted in his own resolution.

On Saturday morning, March 26, Mr. Hawes visited his patient, whom he found extremely reduced, and his pulse was now become very quick

and small. When he enquired of him how he did, Dr. Goldsmith sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said, 'He wished he had taken his friendly advice last night.'

Dr. Fordyce perceiving the danger of Dr. Goldsmith's situation, desired Mr. Hawes to propose sending for Dr. Turton, of whom he knew Dr. Goldsmith had a great opinion: the proposal being mentioned to Dr. Goldsmith, he very readily consented, and ordered his servant to go directly. The Doctors Fordyce and Turton met at the time appointed to assist at a consultation, which was continued twice a day, till the disorder terminated in his dissolution, on the fourth day of April 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-abbey: his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from some unaccountable circumstances this design was dropped, and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelley, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, was afterwards raised by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which was executed by Mr. Nollkens, an eminent statuary in London, and placed in Westminster-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in the Poets corner. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH

Poetæ. Physici. Historici.

Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus

Non tetigit.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit

Sive Rifus essent movendi

Sive Lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator

Ingenio sublimis—Vividus Versatilia

Oratione grandis nitidus Venuustus

Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodalium Amor

Amicorum Fides

Lectorum Veneratio

Natus Hibernia Fornix Londfordiensis

In Loco cui Nomen Pallas

Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.

Eblanæ Literis institutus

Obiit Londini

April iv. MDCCCLXXIV.

Translation.

This Monument is raised

To the Memory of

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Poet, Natural Philosopher, and
Historian,

Who left no species of writing untouched,

or,

Unadorned by His Pen,

Whether to move laughter,

Or draw tears :

He was a powerful master

Over the affections,

Though at the same time a gentle tyrant ;

Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and

Equal to every subject :

In expression at once noble,

Pure and delicate.

His Memory will last

As long as society retains affection ;

Friendship is not void of Honour,

And Reading wants not her admirers.

He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,

18 MEMOIRS OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by
Mr. Pope's line,

‘ In wit a man, simplicity a child.’

The learned leisure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his servants have been known upon these occasions purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reproved was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments at other times made him peevish and sullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, are striking proofs of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the English language.

The excellent poem of *Retaliation* was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject, and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it in the manner which he intended. The poem owed its birth to some preceding circumstances

of festive merriment at a literary club, to which the Doctor belonged, and who proposed to write epigrams on him. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the poem.

The last work of this ingenious author, was 'An history of the Earth and Animated Nature,' in 8 vols. 8vo. for which production his bookseller paid him 85*l*. The doctor seems to have considered attentively the works of the several authors who have wrote on this subject. If there should not be a great deal of discovery, or new matter, yet a judicious selection from abundant materials is no small praise, and if the experiments and discoveries of other writers are laid open in an agreeable dress, so pleasing as to allure the young reader into a pursuit of this sort of knowledge, we have no small obligations to this very engaging writer.

Our author professes to have had a taste rather classical than scientific, and it was in the study of the classics, that he first caught the desire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny first inspired him, and he resolved to translate that agreeable writer, and by the help of a commentary to make his translation acceptable to the public.

It is not to be questioned that Dr. Goldsmith, had he followed that plan, would have marked out those inaccuracies and extravagancies, into which an easy credulity, or a want of attention, or the little progress of science in the world, in his age, had seduced his original author, and are the blemishes of that ingenious, inquisitive, and laborious writer. Nor are his abilities less conspicuous in his poetic than his prosaic productions.

To attempt to convey a proper idea of his great genius in the former, would be a task to which we must acknowledge ourselves totally incompetent: their beauties cannot be pictured by relation; they can only be known by his writings, of which, as specimens, we shall insert the following extracts:

THE

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

From the *Deserted Village*.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The Village-Preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 'The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with encearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a Parent's warm h express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE COUNTRY ALEHOUSE.

From the Deserted Village.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retir'd;
 Where Village-Statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The picture plac'd for ornament and use,
 The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
 The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither, no more, the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;

22 MEMOIRS OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pondrous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
On onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime in life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;

And,

And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols his treasures of the stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TH**ERE** are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, who can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

*The description of the family of Wakefield, in which
a kindred likeness prevails as well of
minds as of persons.*

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry
C wine,

wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next; and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly

very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repress excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford; as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

C H A P. II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without a reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the batchelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the

only wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be compleatly pretty. Her youth, health and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each others company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these

these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to sling a quatre, and yet I threw duce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the shy looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox, I returned the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face

face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the verge of absurdity. You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.' 'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure.' 'Well,' returned I, 'If what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances: and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be an husband in any sense of the expression.'

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence; too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.



C H A P. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature : but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary, by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances ; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. ‘ You cannot be ignorant, my children,’ cried I, ‘ that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune ; but prudence may do much in disappointing it’s effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The
‘ poor

‘ poor live pleasantly without our help; why then
 ‘ should not we learn to live without theirs? No,
 ‘ my children, let us from this moment give up all
 ‘ pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left
 ‘ for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon
 ‘ content for the deficiencies of fortune.’

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time! My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had to bestow. ‘ You are going, my boy,’ cried I, ‘ to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million; *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell.’ As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with ap-
 pre-

prehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first days journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced.

His

His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart,' Sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me, that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously intreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.' In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. 'This,' cried he, happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow, will be found passable.' I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in intreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now his time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr Burchell our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road side, observing with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes; which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprized me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinion

opinion with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman, who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.' 'What!' cried I, 'is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosities, and singularities, are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.' 'Some think, perhaps, too much so,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who shewed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured, he found

‘ numbers disposed to solicit : his profusions began
‘ to impair his fortune, but not his good nature ;
‘ that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other
‘ seemed to decay : he grew improvident as he grew
‘ poor ; and though he talked like a man of sense,
‘ his actions were those of a fool. Still, however,
‘ being surrounded with importunity, and no longer
‘ able to satisfy every request that was made him,
‘ instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all
‘ he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough
‘ to give any man pain by a denial. By this he
‘ drew round him crowds of dependants whom he
‘ was sure to disappoint ; yet wished to relieve.
‘ These hung upon him for a time, and left him
‘ with merited reproaches and contempt. But in
‘ proportion as he became contemptible to others he
‘ became despicable to himself. His mind had
‘ leaned upon their adulation, and that support
‘ taken away, he could find no pleasure in the ap-
‘ plause of his heart, which he had never learned to
‘ reverence. The world now began to wear a dif-
‘ ferent aspect ; the flattery of his friends began to
‘ dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation
‘ soon took the more friendly form of advice ; and
‘ advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches.
‘ He now, therefore, found that such friends as
‘ benefits had gathered round him, were little esti-
‘ mable ; he now found that a man’s own heart
‘ must be ever given to gain that of another. I
‘ now found, that—that—I forgot what I was going
‘ to observe : in short, Sir, he resolved to respect
‘ himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his
‘ falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own
‘ whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe
‘ on foot, and now, though he has scarce attained
‘ the age of thirty, his circumstances are more afflu-
‘ ent than ever. At present, his bounties are more
‘ rational and moderate than before ; but still he
‘ preserves the character of an humourist, and finds
‘ most pleasure in eccentric virtues.’

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had the opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain: but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

C H A P. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances, but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrote with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine-morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with a thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing.

signing. Tho' the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant: after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and, in philosophical arguments, between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our goose-berry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt or the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Bar-

bara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an half-penny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plaistered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.' 'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.'—'Indeed' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him'—You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall

‘ shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours.—No my children,’ continued I, more gravely, ‘ those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.’

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn, and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that

that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that waisted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own particular pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed prest by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for awhile regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving

ceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topicks they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for that she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and
her

her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simkins got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. 'I protest, Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits.—Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?'—'Immensely so, indeed, mama,' replied she; 'I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say.'—'Yes,' cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; but for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking.' These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children,' cried I, 'to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character.' I would have proceeded, but from the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore con-

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tinued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel.

C H A P. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. ‘I am sorry,’ cried I, ‘that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.’—‘Bless me,’ cried my wife, ‘here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.’—‘Confute me in argument, child!’ cried I, ‘you mistake there my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pye, and I beg you’ll leave argument to me.’ As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or an halfpenny whistle. He generally
came

came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grizzel, the adventures of Catskin, and then fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.'—'Well done, my good children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first Christian duties.' The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird to it's nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.—'Deborah, my dear,' cried I to my wife, 'give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.'

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of

broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire, and command! gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful.' Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. 'Whatsoever his former conduct may be, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of his resentment.'—'You are right, Sophia,' cried my son Moses, 'and one of the antients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stript off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And to confess the truth, this man's mind seems

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‘fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you.’ This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repress my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

C H A P. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellow may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph

triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: 'For strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner I began with my usual toast, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. 'Come, tell us honestly, Frank,' said the squire with his usual archness, 'suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other; which would you be for?—' For both, to be sure,' cried the chaplain. 'Right, Frank,' cried the squire; 'for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priest-craft in the creation. For what are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture, and I can prove it.'—'I wish you would,' cried my son Moses, 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I shall be able to answer you.'—'Very well, Sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport, 'if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are

‘you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?’—‘I aim for managing it rationally,’ cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. ‘Good again,’ cried the squire; ‘and firstly, of the first, I hope you’ll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don’t grant me that, I can go no farther.’—‘Why,’ returned Moses, ‘I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.’—‘I hope too,’ returned the other, ‘you will grant, that a part is less than the whole.’—‘I grant that too,’ cried Moses, ‘it is but just and reasonable.’—‘I hope,’ cried the squire, ‘you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.’—‘Nothing can be plainer,’ returned t’other; and looked round with his usual importance. ‘Very well,’ cried the squire, speaking very quick; ‘the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.’—‘Hold, hold,’ cried the other, ‘I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?’—‘What,’ replied the squire, as if in a passion, ‘not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right, when he says, that relatives are related?’—‘Undoubtedly,’ replied the other. ‘If so then,’ cried the squire, ‘answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymen deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your reasons: I say, directly.’—‘I protest,’ cried Moses, ‘I don’t rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.’—‘O, Sir,’ cried the squire, ‘I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, Sir, there I protest

‘test you are too hard for me.’ This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter’s victory as if it were her own. ‘And now, my dear,’ cried she to me, ‘I’ll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord’s addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?’—‘Aye, who knows that indeed!’ answered I with a groan: ‘for my part I don’t much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity: for, depend on’t, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.’

‘Sure, father,’ cried Moses, ‘you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.’

‘True, my son,’ cried I; ‘but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vices, or contempt for our folly.’

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: ‘And who knows, my dear,’ continued she, ‘what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy.’

‘Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?’ cried I. ‘It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands: you certainly over-rate her merit.’—‘Indeed, papa,’ replied Olivia, ‘she does not: I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage, and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.’—‘Very

well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye.'

C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrote among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would in a jesting manner call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two black-birds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture.'—'In my opinion,' cried my son, 'the finest strokes in that description are
' much

‘ much below those in the *Acis* and *Galatea* of *Ovid*.
 ‘ The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast*
 ‘ better, and upon that figure, artfully managed,
 ‘ all strength in the pathetic depends.’—‘ It is re-
 ‘ markable,’ cried Mr Burchell, ‘ that both the
 ‘ poets you mention have equally contributed to in-
 ‘ troduce a false taste into their respective countries,
 ‘ by loading their lines with epithet. Men of little
 ‘ genius found them most easily imitated in their de-
 ‘ fects, and English poetry, like that in the latter
 ‘ empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a com-
 ‘ bination of luxuriant images, without plot or con-
 ‘ nection; a string of epithets that improve the
 ‘ sound without carrying on the sense. But perhaps,
 ‘ Madam, while I thus reprehend others, you’ll
 ‘ think it just that I should give them an opportunity
 ‘ to retaliate; and indeed I have made this remark
 ‘ only to have an opportunity of introducing to the
 ‘ company a ballad, which, whatever be its other
 ‘ defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have
 ‘ mentioned.’

A BALLAD.

‘ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 ‘ And guide by lonely way,
 ‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 ‘ With hospitable ray.
 ‘ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow;
 ‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’
 ‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.
 ‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 ‘ My door is open still:
 ‘ And though my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.

- Then turn to night, and freely share
- Whate'r my cell bestows ;
- My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
- My blessing and repose.
- No flocks that range the valley free,
- To slaughter I condemn ;
- Taught by that power that pities me,
- I learn to pity them.
- But from the mountain's grassy side,
- A guiltless feast I bring ;
- A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
- And water from the spring.
- Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
- All earth-born cares are wrong :
- Man wants but little here below,
- Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath it's humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his penfive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest and smil'd ;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 It's tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart

To soothe the stranger's woe ;

For grief was heavy at his heart,

And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress'd :

' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,

The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,

' Reluctant dost thou rove ;

' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

' Of unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,

' Are trifling and decay ;

' And those who prize the paltry things,

' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,

' A charm that lulls to sleep ;

' A shade that follows wealth or fame,

' But leaves the wretch to weep ?

' And love is still an emptier sound,

' The modern fair one's jest ;

' On earth unseen, or only found

' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

' And spurn the sex,' he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise

Swift mantling to the view,

Like colours o'er the morning skies ;

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms ;

The lovely stranger stands confess'd,

A maid, in all her charms.

And, ' Ah, forgive a stranger rude,

' A wretch forlorn,' she cried ;

' Whose feet unallow'd thus intrude

' Where Heav'n and you reside ;

' But

- ‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
‘ Whom love has taught to stray ;
- ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
‘ Companion of her way.
- ‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
- ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
‘ He had but only me.
- ‘ To win me from his tender arms,
‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
- ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.
- ‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
‘ With richest proffers strove :
- ‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
‘ But never talk’d of love.
- ‘ In humble, simplest habit clad,
‘ Nor wealth nor power had he ;
- ‘ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
‘ But these were all to me.
- ‘ The blossom opening to the day,
‘ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
- ‘ Could nought of purity display,
‘ To emulate his mind.
- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
- ‘ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
‘ Their constancy was mine.
- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
‘ Importunate and vain :
- ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
‘ I triumph’d in his pain.
- ‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
‘ He left me to my pride ;
- ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
‘ In secret, where he died.
- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
‘ And well my life shall pay ;
- ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
‘ And stretch me where he lay.

- ‘ And there forlorn despairing hid,
‘ I’ll lay me down and die ;
- ‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
‘ And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Forbid it, heav’n !’ the hermit cry’d,
‘ And clasp’d her to his breast.
- ‘ The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
‘ ’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.
- ‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
‘ My charmer, turn to see,
- ‘ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
‘ Restor’d to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
‘ And ev’ry care resign :
- ‘ And shall we never, never part,
‘ My life—may all that’s mine !
- ‘ No, never from this hour to part :
‘ We’ll live and love so true ;
- ‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire’s chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell’s arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing that Sophia had made

a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass plat before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: 'But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortune to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

C H A P. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced. Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great dis-

tion and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company ; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This proposition I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses therefore was dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs ; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-nots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to : though the Miss Flambo-roughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and round-about to perfection ; yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us : however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators ; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked ; but all would not do : the gazers indeed owned that it was fine ; but neighbour Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, *she was all of*
a muck

a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. 'And what pleasures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be her's; and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit.' I was not such a stranger in the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable

able cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful.' I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved of my suspicions. 'As to your present hint,' continued he, 'I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup de main.'

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked on the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her intreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or
three

three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

C H A P. X.

The family endeavour to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsey come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawney sybill no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as

my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. ‘Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth?’—‘I protest, papa,’ says the girl, ‘I believe she deals with somebody that’s not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth!’—‘Well, now, Sophy, my child,’ said I, ‘and what sort of a husband are you to have?’—‘Sir,’ replied she, ‘I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.’—‘How,’ cried I, ‘is that all you are to have for your two shillings! Only a lord and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money.’

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted, that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughters pockets
filled

filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: ‘I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.’ ‘Perhaps we may, my dear,’ returned I; ‘though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.’—‘That is what I expect,’ returned she: ‘but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?’—‘Your precautions,’ replied I, ‘are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, chearful and serene.’—‘Yes, cried she, ‘I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us.’—‘You are quite right, my dear,’ returned I, ‘and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins.’—‘Phoo, Charles,’ interrupted she, ‘all this is very true; but not what I would be at, I mean

‘ I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know
 ‘ the church is two miles off, and I protest I don’t
 ‘ like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew
 ‘ all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for
 ‘ all world as if they had been winners at a snock race.
 ‘ Now, my dear, my proposal is this; there are our
 ‘ two plough horses, the colt that has been in our
 ‘ family these nine years, and his companion Black-
 ‘ berry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for
 ‘ this month past. They are both grown fat and
 ‘ lazy. Why should they not do something as well
 ‘ as we? And let me tell you when Moses has trim-
 ‘ med them a little, they will cut a tolerable figure.’

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were over-ruled: so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forwards towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road.

road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

C H A P. XI.

The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn-nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded
next,

next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney, and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house too see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, 'We were thrown from our horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters;

ters ; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia ; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

‘ All that I know of the matter,’ cries Miss Skeggs, ‘ is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true : but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze ; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon ; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood.’

‘ Well,’ replied our peeress, ‘ this I can say, that the dutchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.’

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell ; who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *Fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

‘ Besides, my dear Skeggs,’ continued our peeress, ‘ there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.’
Fudge!

‘ I am surprized at that,’ cried Miss Skeggs ; for ‘ he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only
‘ for

‘for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favor me with a sight of them?’ *Fudge!*

‘My dear creature, replied our peerefs, ‘do you think I carry fuch things about me? Tho’ they are very fine to be fure, and I think myfelf something of a judge; at leaft I know what pleafes myfelf. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock’s little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countefs at Hanover Square, there’s nothing comes out but the moft loweft ftuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them.’ *Fudge!*

‘Your ladyship fhould except,’ fays t’other, your own things in the Lady’s Magazine. I hope you’ll fay there’s nothing low-lived there? But I fuppose we are to have no more from that quarter?’ *Fudge!*

‘Why, my dear,’ fays the lady, ‘you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won’t fuffer me to write myfelf, I have been for fome time looking out for another. A proper perfon is no eafy matter to find, and to be fure thirty pounds a year is a fmall ftipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.’—*Fudge!*

‘That I know, cried Mifs Skeggs, ‘by experience. For of the three companions I had this laft half-year, one of them refufed to do plain-work an hour in a day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too fmall a falary, and I was obliged to fend away the third, becaufe I fufpected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?’ *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this difcourfe; but was particularly ftruck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-fix pounds five fhillings Englifh money, all which was in a manner

manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. ‘I hope,’ cried she, ‘your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can’t shew better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.’ *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, ‘that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: but a thing of this kind, Madam,’ cried she, addressing my spouse, ‘requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam,’ continued she, ‘that I in the least suspect the young ladies virtue, prudence, and discretion: but there is a form in these things, Madam; there is a form.’ *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our peerefs declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, 'between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.'—'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say.—'What, only pretty well!' returned she. "I think it is very well. 'Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, 'that London is the only place in the world for all 'manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger 'things happen every day: and as ladies of quality 'are so greatly taken with my daughters, what will 'not men of quality be! Entre nous, I protest I 'like my lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. 'However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs 'has my warm heart. But yet, when they came 'to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I 'nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think 'I did for my children there?'—'Aye,' returned I, not

I, not knowing what to think of the matter, 'Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of golling
G 2 green,

green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck, 'good luck,' till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.' To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weazen-skin purse, as being the most lucky: but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When we read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded

manded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I never doubted, Sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'— 'Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam,' replied he, 'is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advise myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.' As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without an horse, and the box at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?'— 'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Aye, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know, but where is the horse?'— 'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and two-pence.'— 'Well done, my good boy,' returned she, 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come let us have it then.'— 'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast: here they are; a groce of

‘green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.’—‘A groce of green spectacles!’ replied my wife in a faint voice. ‘And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a groce of green paltry spectacles!’—‘Dear mother,’ cried the boy, ‘why won’t you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.’—‘A fig for the silver rims,’ cried my wife in a passion: ‘I dare say they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.’—‘You need be under no uneasiness,’ cried I, ‘about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.’—‘What,’ cried my wife, ‘not silver! the rims not silver!’—‘No,’ cried I, ‘no more silver than your saucepan.’—‘And so,’ returned she, ‘we have parted with the colt, and have only got a groce of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.’—‘There, my dear,’ cried I, you are wrong, he should not have known them at all.’—‘Marry hang the idiot,’ returned she, ‘to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.’—‘There again you are wrong, my dear,’ cried I; ‘for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.’

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstance of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. ‘Here,’ continued Moses, ‘we met another man very well drest, who desired to bor-

‘ row twenty pounds upon these, saying that he
 ‘ wanted money, and would dispose of them for a
 ‘ third of the value. The first gentleman, who pre-
 ‘ tended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them,
 ‘ and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass.
 ‘ I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him
 ‘ up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were
 ‘ persuaded to buy the two groce between us.’

C H A P. XIII.

*Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the
 confidence to give disagreeable advice.*

OUR family had now made several attempts to be
 fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished
 each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take
 the advantage of every disappointment, to improve
 their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated
 in ambition. ‘ You see, my children,’ cried I, ‘ how
 ‘ little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the
 ‘ world, in coping with our betters. Such as are
 ‘ poor and will associate with none but the rich, are
 ‘ hated by those they avoid, and despised by those
 ‘ they follow. Unequal combinations are always
 ‘ disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having
 ‘ the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniencies that
 ‘ result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and
 ‘ repeat the fable you were reading to-day for the
 ‘ good of the company.’

‘ Once upon a time,’ cried the child, ‘ a giant and
 ‘ a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They
 ‘ made a bargain they never would forsake each
 ‘ other, but go seek adventures. The first battle
 ‘ they fought was with two Saracens, and the dwarf,
 ‘ who was very courageous, dealt one of the champ-
 ‘ ions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but
 ‘ very little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly
 ‘ struck off the poor dwarf’s arm. He was now in a
 ‘ woeful plight; but the giant coming to his assist-
 ‘ ance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on
 ‘ the

' the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's
 ' head out of spite. Then they travelled on to
 ' another adventure. This was against three bloody
 ' minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel
 ' in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now
 ' as before; but for all that, struck the first blow,
 ' which was returned by another that knocked out
 ' his eye: but the giant was soon up with them, and
 ' had they not fled, would certainly have killed them
 ' every one. They were all very joyful for this
 ' victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in
 ' love with the giant, and married him. They now
 ' travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they
 ' met with a company of robbers. The giant for
 ' the first time, was foremost now; but the dwarf
 ' was not far behind. The battle was stout and
 ' long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before
 ' him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed
 ' more than once. At last the victory declared for
 ' the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg.
 ' The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye,
 ' while the giant was without a single wound. Up-
 ' on which he cried out to his little companion,
 ' My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get
 ' one victory more, and then we shall have honour
 ' for ever.'—'No,' cries the dwarf, who by this
 ' time was grown wiser, ' no, I declare off; I'll fight
 ' no more: for I find in every battle, that you get
 ' all the honour and rewards, but all the blow falls
 ' upon me.'

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our
 attention was called off to a warm dispute between
 my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters in-
 tended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously
 insisted upon the advantages that would result from
 it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her
 with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present
 dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which
 were received with so ill a grace in the morning.
 The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead

of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. ‘Madam’ cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, ‘as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: But I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.’ Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: ‘How, woman, cried I to her, is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most displeasing that ever escaped your lips!’—‘Why would he provoke me then?’ replied she; ‘but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter’s company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-liv’d fellows as he.’—‘Low-liv’d, my dear, do you call him,’ cried I, ‘it is very possible we may mistake this man’s character: for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?’

‘ment?’—‘His conversation with me, Sir,’ replied my daughter, ‘has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once indeed I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.’—‘Such, my dear,’ cried I, ‘is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an œconomist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.’

What Sophia’s reflections were upon this occasion I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods

thods of raising money ; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished ; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye : it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair ; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.— Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps ; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces ; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him ; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home ; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money ; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts ; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer : for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me ; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right ; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.—‘Make no apologies, my child,’ said the old man; ‘to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more: but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome.’ The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel
sincerer

sincerer rapture than at that moment. ‘Sir,’ cried I, ‘the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call so great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.’—‘Sir,’ cried the stranger, struck with awe, ‘I fear I have been too familiar; but you’ll forgive my curiosity, Sir, I beg pardon.’—‘Sir,’ cried I, grasping his hand, ‘you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you’ll accept of my friendship, as you already have my esteem.’—‘Then with gratitude I accept the offer,’ cried he, squeezing me by the hand, ‘thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold—’ I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculation too much. ‘Aye, Sir,’ replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment; ‘Aye, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not braced upon the creation of the world? Sanconiaton, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelu-*

‘*taion to pan*, which imply, that all things have neither beginning or end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of this country, as Teglal Phael-Affer; Nabon-Affer; he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate. But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question. That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell an horse, and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound bank note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. ‘Here, Abraham,’ cried he, go and get gold for this; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s, or any where.’ While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform

inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, 'If that be the case then,' returned he, 'I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draught upon him, payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I.' A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability; the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoaking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. 'You can read the name I suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkinson.'—'Yes,' returned he, 'the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?' To this I replied with a groan. 'Aye,' continued he, 'he has but

‘one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.’

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master’s visage than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these, but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours; too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell’s villainy at once detected. The folly of being over wise.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, were employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been

been seen; and upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, 'The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle.' It instantly occurred, that he was the base informer; and we deliberated, whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

'LADIES,

'THE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.'

- Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and it's censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia

seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. ‘A fine day, Mr. Burchell.’—‘A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.’—‘The shooting of your horns,’ cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. ‘Dear Madam,’ replied he, ‘I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke, had you not told me.’—‘Perhaps not, Sir,’ cried my wife, winking at us; ‘and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.’—‘I fancy, Madam,’ returned Burchell, ‘you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, Madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.’

‘standing.’—‘I believe you might,’ cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; ‘and yet I have seen some men pretend to under-
 ‘standing, that have very little.’—‘And no doubt,’ replied her antagonist, ‘you have known ladies set
 ‘up for wit that had none.’ I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a stile of more severity myself. ‘Both wit and understand-
 ‘ing,’ cried I, ‘are trifles without integrity; it is
 ‘that which gives value to every character; the
 ‘ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than
 ‘the philosopher with many; for what is genius
 ‘or courage without an heart? *An honest man’s the
 ‘noblest work of God.*’

‘I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope,’ returned Mr. Burchell, ‘as very unworthy a man
 ‘of genius, and a base desertion of his own supe-
 ‘riority. As the reputation of books is raised not
 ‘by their freedom from defect, but the greatness
 ‘of their beauties; so should that of men be prized
 ‘not from their exemption from fault, but the size
 ‘of those virtues they are possessed of. The scho-
 ‘lar may want prudence, the statesman may have
 ‘pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we
 ‘prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously
 ‘plods on through life without censure or applause?
 ‘We might as well prefer the tame correct paint-
 ‘ings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but
 ‘sublime animations of the Roman pencil.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘your present observation is just,
 ‘when there are shining virtues and minute defects;
 ‘but when it appears that great vices are opposed
 ‘in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such
 ‘a character deserves contempt.’

‘Perhaps,’ cried he, ‘there may be some such
 ‘monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to
 ‘great virtues; yet in my progress through life, I
 ‘never yet found one instance of their existence: on
 ‘the contrary, I have ever perceived that where
 ‘the

the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave and gentle.'

'These observations sound well,' returned I, and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man,' and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Aye, Sir,' continued I, raising my voice, and I am glad of having this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pocket-book?'— 'Yes, Sir,' returned he with a face of impenetrable assurance, 'that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.'— 'And do you know,' cried I, 'this letter? Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?'— 'That letter,' returned he; 'yes, it was I that wrote that letter.'— 'And how could you,' said I, 'so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?'— 'And how came you,' replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, 'so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next Justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket book, and so hang you all up at this door.' This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. 'Ungrateful wretch, be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone, and never let me see thee again: go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!' So saying, I threw him his pocket-

pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps, with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him ashamed of his villainies. 'My dear,' cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, 'we are not to be surprized that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.'

'Guilt and shame, (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both; guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After long disagreement therefore they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner: but Shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind.—Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.'

C H A P. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed by still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and

I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proof of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought but very little short of it: and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughter happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled

travelled the country, and took likenesses at fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done to. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do) our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition,

expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an hour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as the principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addressee, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration,

claration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon the occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mama an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamborough's was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warin fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: 'But heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, what is she?' but what has she? is all the cry.'

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks; and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes: or two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.'

'Ah! Sir!' returned my wife, 'you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know when my eldest daughter should look for an husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen old, well grown, and well educated; and in my humble opinion does not want for parts.'

‘Madam, replied he, ‘if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such Madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.’—‘Aye, Sir,’ said she, ‘but do you know of any such person?’—‘No, Madam,’ returned he, ‘it is impossible to know any person, that deserves to be her husband: she’s too great a treasure for one man’s possession; she’s a goddess. Upon my soul I speak what I think, she is an angel.’—‘Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals: (which was actually the case.)’ ‘But, Sir,’ concluded she, ‘I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice’—‘How, Madam,’ replied he, ‘my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never. What, sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons.’—‘Indeed, Sir,’ cried Deborah, ‘if you have your reasons, that’s another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.’—‘Excuse me, Madam,’ returned he, ‘they lie too deep for discovery;’ (laying his hand upon his bosom) ‘they remain buried, rivetted here.’

After he was gone, upon general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter’s

ter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addreses.

C H A P. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptations.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyd each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection; if that might be called acting, which was the real character, pretended to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. 'You now see, my child,' said I, 'that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.'—'Yes, papa,' returned she, but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince

you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.'—'Olivia, my darling,' returned I, 'every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted: but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day, let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.' This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying an impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain

retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as a resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of past, and laying schemes for the future. Bused in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. ‘Well, Moses,’ cried I, ‘we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?’—‘My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing tubs for nothing.’—‘That we shall, Moses,’ cried I, ‘and he will sing us Death and the Lady to raise our spirits into the bargain.’—‘He has taught that song to our Dick,’ cried Moses; ‘and I think he goes through it very prettily.’—‘Does he so,’ cried I, ‘then let us have it: where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly.’—‘My brother Dick,’ cried Bill, my youngest, ‘is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I’ll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you chuse—*The Dying Swain*,; or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?’—‘The elegy, child, by all means,’ said I; ‘I never heard that yet—and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me.—And Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.’

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD-DOG.

G O O D people all of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wond'ring neighbours ran ;
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
 To every Christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they lied ;
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

'A very good boy, Bill, upon my word ; and an
 'elegy that may truly be called tragical.—Come,
 'children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day
 'be a bishop !'

' With

‘ With all my heart,’ cried my wife ; ‘ and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family by the mother’s side could sing a good song ; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor Hugginson’s blow out a candle ; but that there were none of the Grogams but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.’— ‘ However that be,’ cried I, ‘ the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify in a single stanza ; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these illegiafts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to verify the disaster.’

‘ That may be the mode,’ cried Moses, ‘ in sublimer composition : but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould : Collin meets Dolly, and they had a dialogue together ; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay ; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.’

‘ And very good advice too,’ cried I ; ‘ and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there : for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife ; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned Moses, ‘ and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives are saleable every night.’

‘ You

‘ You are right, my boy,’ cried his mother, ‘ Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives.’—‘ And for wives to manage their husbands,’ interrupted I. ‘ It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life—and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity.—Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia; that little cherub’s voice is always sweetest in the concert. Just as I spoke, Dick came running in, ‘ O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!’—‘ Gone child!’—‘ Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise; and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, O, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone.’—‘ Now, then,’ cried I, ‘ my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O may Heaven’s everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now
‘ over!’

over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!’—‘Father,’ cried my son, ‘is this your fortitude?’—‘Fortitude, child! Yes, he shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I’ll pursue the traitor. While he is on earth, I’ll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain, perfidious villain!’ I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. ‘My dearest, dearest husband,’ cried she, ‘the bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.’—‘Indeed, Sir,’ resumed my son, after a short pause, ‘your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother’s comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy; you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.’—‘I did not curse him, child, did I?’—‘Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed him twice.’—‘Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies: Blest be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not, it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child, to undo my darling! May confusion seize!—Heaven forgive me: What am I about to say?—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here.—But my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away. If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.’—‘Ah,

‘no,

‘no, Sir,’ cried the child; ‘he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.’— ‘She’s an ungrateful creature,’ cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping, ‘to use us thus, she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.’

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported fallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. ‘Never,’ cried she, ‘shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.’

‘Wife,’ said I, ‘do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there.—My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is: and
‘though

‘ though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity.

C H A P. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; therefore I went to the young squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately; he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way: but received

no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue the pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouse, by the roadside, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of the entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than a philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children; he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to
be

be gone ; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face ; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them : as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent from the summit of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake ; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company ; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. ' Good company upon the road,' says the proverb, ' is the shortest cut.' I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player ; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom ; but as I was but little

acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, Sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe's manner, Sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Johnson, and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things that go down.'—'How!' cried I, 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those over-charged characters, which abound in the works you mention?'—'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Johnson's or Shakespeare's name.'—'So then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than nature.'—'To say the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that illicit applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, shrugged in to popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural.'

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us: for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me.

I then

I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered; and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well-drest gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

C H A P. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn, was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth

was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, not the Auditor, I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, Sir,' returned I. 'That's strange, very strange,' replied my entertainer. 'Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence it's guardians.'—'Then it is to be hoped,' cried I, 'you reverence the king.'—'Yes,' returned my entertainer, 'when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only; I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guest manner.'

'I wish,' cried I, 'that such unintruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our Constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.'

'How,' cried one of the ladies, 'do I live to see one so base, so fordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!'

'Can it be possible,' cried our entertainer, 'that there should be any found at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be so abject?'

'No,

‘ No, Sir,’ replied I, ‘ I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community; where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer: for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off in the metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because, whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves: and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or it’s laws may be so disposed, or it’s men of opu-

lence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will encrease their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to an advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when by their means the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken; and it is ordained, that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition: by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb by a vortex of it's own. Those, however, who are willing

‘ to move in a great man’s vortex, are only such as
‘ must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose
‘ souls and whose education are adapted to servitude,
‘ and who know nothing of liberty except the name.
‘ But there must still be a large number of the peo-
‘ ple without the sphere of the opulent man’s in-
‘ fluence, namely, that order of men which subsists
‘ between the very rich and the very rabble; those
‘ men who are possessors of too large fortunes to submit
‘ to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are
‘ too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this
‘ middle order of mankind are generally to be
‘ found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society.
‘ This order alone is known to be the true preserver
‘ of freedom, and may be called the people. Now
‘ it may happen, that this middle order of mankind
‘ may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice
‘ be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for
‘ if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at
‘ present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten
‘ times less than was judged sufficient upon forming
‘ the constitution; it is evident, that great num-
‘ bers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the
‘ political system, and they, ever moving in the
‘ vortex of the great, will follow where greatness
‘ shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the
‘ middle order has left, is to preserve the preroga-
‘ tive and privileges of the one principal governor
‘ with the most sacred circumspection. For he di-
‘ vides the power of the rich, and calls off the great
‘ from falling with ten-fold weight on the middle
‘ order placed beneath them. The middle order
‘ may be compared to a town, of which the opulent
‘ are forming the siege, and which the governor
‘ from without is hastening the relief. While the
‘ besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is
‘ but natural to offer the townsmen the most speci-
‘ ous terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse
‘ them with privileges; but if they once defeat the
‘ governor from behind, the walls of the town will
‘ be

‘ be but a small defence to it’s inhabitants. What
 ‘ they may then expect may be seen by turning our
 ‘ eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the
 ‘ laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the
 ‘ law. I am then for, and would die for, mo-
 ‘ narchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any
 ‘ thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed
 ‘ SOVEREIGN of his people, and every diminution
 ‘ of his power in war, or in peace, is an infringe-
 ‘ ment upon the real liberties of the subject. The
 ‘ sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have
 ‘ already done much; it is to be hoped, that the
 ‘ true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing
 ‘ more. I have known many of those pretended
 ‘ champions for liberty in my time, yet I do not re-
 ‘ member one that was not in his heart and in his
 ‘ family a tyrant.’

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this ha-
 rangue beyond the rules of good-breeding: but
 the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove
 to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. What,
 cried he, ‘ then I have been all this while entertain-
 ‘ ing a jesuit in parson’s cloaths: but by all the
 ‘ coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my
 ‘ name be Wilkinson.’ I now found I had gone too
 far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I
 had spoken. ‘ Pardon;’ returned he in a fury: ‘ I
 ‘ think such principles demand ten thousand par-
 ‘ dons. What! give up liberty, property, and as
 ‘ the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with
 ‘ wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching
 ‘ out of this house immediately, to prevent worse
 ‘ consequences. Sir, I insist upon it.’ I was going
 to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard
 a footman’s rap at the door, and the two ladies cried
 out, ‘ As sure as death, there is our master and mis-
 ‘ tress come home.’ It seems, my entertainer was
 all this while only the butler, who, in his master’s
 absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a
 while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth,
 he

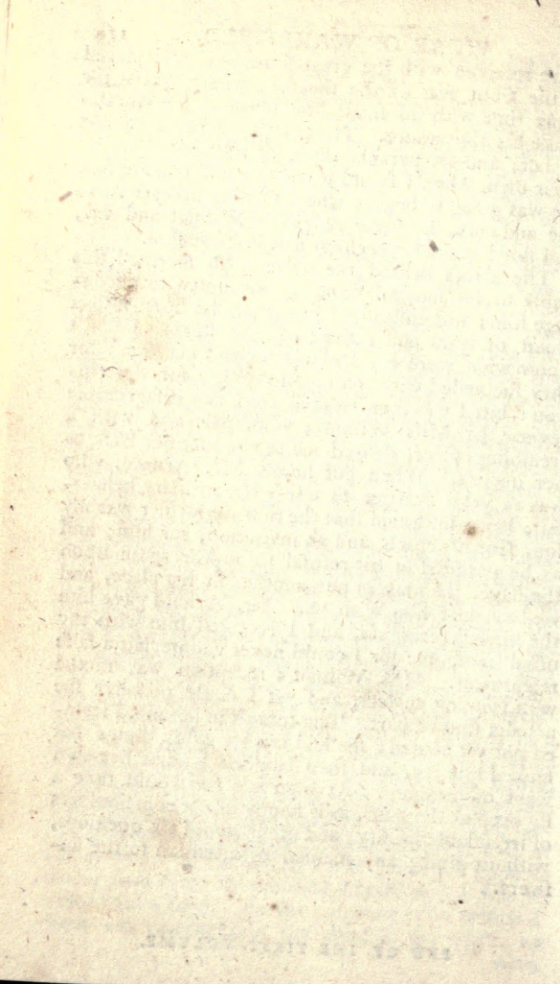
he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprize, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. ‘Gentlemen, cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, ‘my wife and I are your most humble servants; but ‘I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we ‘almost sink under the obligation.’ However unexpected our company might be to them, their’s, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. ‘My dear Sir,’ cried she, ‘to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt ‘will be in raptures when they find they have got ‘the good Doctor Primrose for their guest.’ Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired, with seeming unconcern,

unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. 'Alas! Madam,' cried I, 'he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear Madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now distressing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us.' The good-natur'd girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day: 'But this gentleman,' continued he, 'seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.' This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestibly the chief of the place, we were

were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot; who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport: for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a fly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.



THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD,
A TALE,
IN TWO VOLUMES,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. II.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.



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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

*The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty,
but losing content.*

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. 'Why, aye my son,' cried I, you left me but 'poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet 'I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the 'world.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied my son, 'but traveling after fortune is not the way to secure her; and, 'indeed of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.'—'I fancy, Sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account 'of your adventures would be amusing: the first 'part of them I have often heard from my niece; 'but could the company prevail for the rest, it would 'be an additional obligation.'—'Madam,' replied my son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in 'hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in 'repeating them, and yet in the whole narrative, I 'can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account 'is rather of what I saw, than what I did. The first 'misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; 'but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The 'less kind I found fortune at one time, the more I 'expected from her another; and being now at the 'bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might 'lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way

uneasy about to-morrow, but chearful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, Sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. "Aye," cried he, "this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher to a boarding school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred an apprentice to the business?" No. "Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys hair?" No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?" No. "Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?" No. "Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?" Yes. "Then you will by no means do for a school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come," continued he, "I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll shew you forty very dull fellows about town, that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on
smoothly

“smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, Sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.”

‘Finding that there was no degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua matter of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, ye powers, what fancied importance fate perched upon my quill while I was writing. The whole learned worlds, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.’

‘Well said, my boy,’ cried I, ‘and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt, go on; you published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?’

‘Sir,’ replied my son, ‘the learned world said nothing of my paradoxes: nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies;

‘and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.’

‘As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe a new edition he was going to give the world of *Proper-tius*, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that confession led him to enquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, ‘I see,’ cried he, ‘you are unacquainted with the town. I’ll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, or a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,” continued he, “I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known. I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.”

‘Bless us, George,’ cried I, ‘and is this the employment of poets now. Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary. Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?’

‘ O no, Sir,’ returned he, ‘ a true poet can never be so base ; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt ; and none but those who are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit it.

‘ Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause ; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog ; while Philautus, Philaethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

‘ Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer’s attempts, was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction ; for excellence in another was my aversion, writing was my trade.

‘In the midst of these gloomy reflexions, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James’s Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished, for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.’

‘What did you say, George?’ interrupted I. ‘Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.’—‘Bless me,’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of your’s? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.’

‘My friend’s first care,’ continued my son, ‘was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he set for his picture, to take the left-hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when we had a mind for a frolick. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkscrew; to stand godfather to all the butler’s children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.’

‘In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron’s affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from
several

several for his stupidity; yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request; and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles: for the looks of the domesticks ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, "Pray, Sir," cried he, inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely

“cerely wish, that my present refusal may be some
“punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it
“may be some inducement to your repentance.”
“The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, be-
“cause I knew it was just. My whole expectations
“now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man.
“As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset
“with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly peti-
“tion, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance.
“However, after bribing the servants with half my
“worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious
“apartment, my letter being previously sent up for
“his lordship’s inspection. During this anxious in-
“terval I had full time to look round me. Every
“thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the
“paintings, the furniture, the guildings, petrified
“me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner.
“Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the
“possessor of all these things be, who carries in his
“head the business of the state, and whose house
“displays half the wealth of the kingdom: sure his
“genius must be unfathomable? During these aw-
“ful reflections I heard a step come heavily forward.
“Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only
“a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon af-
“ter. This must be he! No, it was only the great
“man’s valet de chambre. At last his lordship ac-
“tually made his appearance. “Are you,” cried
“he, “the bearer of this here letter.” I answered
“with a bow. “I learn by this,” continued he, as
“how that —” But just at that instant a servant de-
“livered him a card; and without taking farther
“notice, he went out of the room, and left me to di-
“gest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more
“of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was
“going to his coach at the door. Down I immedi-
“ately followed, and joined my voice to that of
“three or four more, who came, like me, to peti-
“tion for favours. His lordship, however, went too
“fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with
“large

‘ large strides, when I halloed out to know if I was
‘ to have any reply. He was by this time got in,
‘ and muttered an answer, half of which I only
‘ heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his
‘ chariot wheels. I stood for some time with my
‘ neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was
‘ listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking
‘ round me, I found myself alone at his lordship’s
‘ gate.

‘ My patience,’ continued my son, ‘ was now
‘ quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indig-
‘ nities I had met with, I was willing to cast my-
‘ self away, and only wanted the gulph to receive
‘ me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things
‘ that nature designed should be thrown by into her
‘ lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had
‘ still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I
‘ thought nature herself should not deprive me; but
‘ in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go
‘ instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust
‘ to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along
‘ with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe’s
‘ office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome
‘ reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers
‘ all his Majesty’s subjects a generous promise of
‘ 30*l.* a year, for which promise all they give in re-
‘ turn is their liberty for life, and permission to let
‘ him transport them to America as slaves. I was
‘ happy at finding a place where I could lose my
‘ fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had
‘ the appearance of one, with the devotion of a mo-
‘ nastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures
‘ all in circumstances like myself, expecting the ar-
‘ rival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of
‘ English impatience. Each untraced soul at variance
‘ with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own
‘ hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, which
‘ hushed our murmurs. He deigned to regard me
‘ with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed
‘ he was the first man who for a month past
‘ talked to me with smiles. After a few questions he

‘ found I was fit for every thing in the world. He
‘ paused awhile upon the properest means of pro-
‘ viding for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he
‘ had found it, assured me, that there was at that
‘ time an embassy talked of from the synod of Penn-
‘ sylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he
‘ would use his interest to get me made secretary. I
‘ knew in my own heart the fellow lied, and yet his
‘ promise gave me pleasure, there was something so
‘ magnificent in the sound. I therefore divided my
‘ half guinea, one half of which went to be added
‘ to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other
‘ half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be
‘ there more happy than he.

‘ As I was going out with that resolution, I was
‘ met at the door by the captain of a ship, with
‘ whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and
‘ he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of
‘ punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my
‘ circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the
‘ very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keep-
‘ er’s promises; for that he only designed to sell me
‘ to the plantations. “But,” continued he, “I
“ fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be
“ very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take
“ my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amster-
“ dam: what if you go in her as a passenger?
“ The moment you land, all you have to do is to
“ teach the Dutchmen English, and I’ll warrant you
“ you’ll get pupils and money enough. I suppose
“ you understand English,” added he, “by this
“ time, or the deuce is in it.” I confidently as-
‘ sured him of that; but expressed a doubt, whether
‘ the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He
‘ affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to
‘ distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed
‘ with his proposal, and embarked the next day to
‘ teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind
‘ was fair, our voyage short; and after having paid
‘ my passage with half my moveables, I found my-
self

‘ self fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of
‘ the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situa-
‘ tion I was unwilling to let any time pass unem-
‘ ployed in teaching. I addressed myself therefore to
‘ two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed
‘ most promising: but it was impossible to make
‘ ourselves mutually understood. It was not till
‘ this very moment I recollected, that in order to
‘ teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they
‘ should first teach me Dutch. How I came to over-
‘ look so obvious an abjection, is to me amazing;
‘ but certain it is I overlooked it.

‘ This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts
‘ of fairly shipping back to England again; but
‘ happening into company with an Irish student, who
‘ was returning from Louvain, our conversation
‘ turned upon topics of literature (for, by the way,
‘ it may be observed, that I always forgot the mean-
‘ ness of my circumstances when I could converse up-
‘ such subjects;) from him I learned that there were
‘ not two men in this whole university who under-
‘ stood Greek. This amazed me, I instantly resol-
‘ ved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teach-
‘ ing Greek: and in this design I was heartened by
‘ my brother student, who threw out some hints
‘ that a fortune might be got by it.

‘ I set boldly forward the next morning. Every
‘ day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like
‘ Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them
‘ for my lodgings to the Dutch as I passed on.
‘ When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to
‘ go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly
‘ tendered my talents to the principal himself. I
‘ went, had admittance, and offered him my ser-
‘ vice as a master of the Greek language, which I
‘ had been told was a desideratum in his university.
‘ The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abili-
‘ ties; but of these I offered to convince him, by
‘ turning a part of any Greek author he should fix
‘ upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest

‘ in my proposal, he addrest me thus: “ You
 ‘ see me, young man,” continued he; “ I never
 ‘ learned Greek, and I don’t find I ever missed it.
 ‘ I have had a doctor’s cap and gown without
 ‘ Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without
 ‘ Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in
 ‘ short,” continued he, “ as I don’t know Greek,
 ‘ I do not believe there is any good in it.”

‘ I was now too far from home to think of re-
 ‘ turning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some
 ‘ knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now
 ‘ turned what was once my amusement into present
 ‘ means of subsistence. I passed among the harm-
 ‘ less peasants in Flanders and among such of the
 ‘ French as were poor enough to be very merry;
 ‘ for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to
 ‘ their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant’s
 ‘ house towards night-fall, I played one of my most
 ‘ merry tunes, and that procured me not only a
 ‘ lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once
 ‘ or twice attempted to play with people of fashion,
 ‘ but they always thought my performance odious,
 ‘ and never rewarded me with a trifle. This was
 ‘ to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used
 ‘ in better days to play for company, when playing
 ‘ was my amusement, my music never failed to throw
 ‘ them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but
 ‘ as it was now my only means, it was received with
 ‘ contempt: a proof how ready the world is to
 ‘ under rate those talents by which a man is sup-
 ‘ ported.

‘ In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no
 ‘ design but just to look about me, and then to go
 ‘ forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of
 ‘ strangers that have money than of those that have
 ‘ wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no
 ‘ great favourite. After walking about the town
 ‘ four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the
 ‘ best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat
 ‘ of venal hospitality; when passing through one of
 ‘ the

' the principal streets, whom should I meet but our
 ' cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This
 ' meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe
 ' not displeasing to him. He enquired into the na-
 ' ture of my journey to Paris, and informed me of
 ' his own business there, which was to collect pic-
 ' tures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds
 ' for a gentleman in London, who had just slept in-
 ' to taste and a large fortune. I was the more sur-
 ' prized at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this
 ' office, as he himself had often assured me he knew
 ' nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had
 ' been taught the art of *connoissance* so very suddenly,
 ' he assured me, that nothing was more easy. The
 ' whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two
 ' rules; the one always to observe, that the picture
 ' might have been better if the painter had taken
 ' more pains; and the other, to praise the work of
 ' Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once
 ' taught you how to be an author in London, I'll
 ' now undertake to instruct you in the art of pic-
 ' ture-buying in Paris."

' With this proposal I very readily closed, as it
 ' was living; and now all my ambition was to live.
 ' I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my
 ' dress by his assistance; and after some time accom-
 ' panied him to auctions of pictures where the En-
 ' glish gentry were expected to be purchasers. I
 ' was not a little surprized at his intimacy with peo-
 ' ple of the best fashion, who referred themselves to
 ' his judgement upon every picture or medal, as an
 ' unerring standard of taste. He made very good
 ' use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when
 ' asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside
 ' and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure
 ' the company, that he could give no opinion upon
 ' an affair of so much importance. Yet there was
 ' sometimes an occasion for a more supported as-
 ' surance. I remember to have seen him, after giv-
 ' ing his opinion that the colouring of a picture was

‘ not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush
‘ with brown varnish that was accidentally lying by,
‘ and rub it over the piece with great composure be-
‘ fore all the company, and then ask if he had not
‘ improved the tints.

‘ When he had finished his commission in Paris, he
‘ left me strongly recommended to several men of
‘ distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling
‘ tutor; and after some time I was employed in that
‘ capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to
‘ Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour
‘ through Europe. I was to be the young gentle-
‘ man’s governor, but with a promise that he should
‘ always govern himself. My pupil in fact under-
‘ stood the art of guiding in money concerns much
‘ better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about
‘ two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle
‘ in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify
‘ him for the management of it, had bound him ap-
‘ prentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his
‘ prevailing passion: all his questions on the road
‘ were, how much money might be saved; which
‘ was the least expensive course of travel; whether
‘ any thing could be bought that would turn to ac-
‘ count when disposed of again in London. Such
‘ curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing
‘ was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them
‘ was to be paid for, he usually asserted, that he had
‘ been told they were not worth seeing. He never
‘ paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazing-
‘ ly expensive travelling was! and all this though
‘ he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at
‘ Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port
‘ and shipping, he enquired the expence of the pas-
‘ sage by sea home to England. This he was in-
‘ formed was but a trifle, compared to his returning
‘ by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the
‘ temptation; so paying me the small part of my
‘ salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked
‘ with only one attendant for London.

‘ I now

‘ I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation: In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

‘ Upon my arrival in England I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could

‘ never pretend to please. The next difficulty was
 ‘ in fitting me with parts, as almost every character
 ‘ was in keeping. I was driven for some time from
 ‘ one character to another, till at last Horatio was
 ‘ fixed upon, which the presence of the present
 ‘ company has happily hindered me from acting.’

C H A P. II.

*The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious,
 which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.*

MY son’s account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill’s equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill’s entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time, his presence seemed only to increase the general good-humour.

After tea he called me aside to enquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprized; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son: and upon my replying, that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: ‘ For at best,’ cried he, ‘ it is but
 ‘ divulging one’s own infamy; and perhaps Miss

‘Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.’ We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken: and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill’s seeming composure, however, not a little surprized me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold: but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill’s friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurance of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone: the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign’s commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement of the other two: ‘As for this trifling piece of service,’ continued the young gentleman, ‘I desire no other
‘reward but the pleasure of having served my
‘friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid,
‘if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will ad-
‘vance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.’ This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilnot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had, my blessing. 'And now, my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grand-father fought for his sacred king, loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.'

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen-fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country.

We

We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there; to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symmonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. 'Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long, whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop.' I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a curtsy, and drinking towards my good health, 'Sir,' resumed she, 'it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back, he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money by her over civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it.'—'What signifies minding her,' cried the host; 'if she be slow, she is sure.'—'I don't know that,' replied the wife; 'but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money.'—'I suppose, my dear,' cried he, we
' shall

‘ shall have it all in a lump.’—‘ In a lump,’ cried the other, ‘ I hope we may get it any way ; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.’—‘ Consider, my dear,’ cried the husband, ‘ she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.’—‘ As for the matter of that,’ returned the hostess, gentle or simple, ‘ out she shall pack with a fuffarara. Gentry may be good things where they take ; but for my part I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow.’ Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly : ‘ Out, I say ; pack out this moment ! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I’ll give thee a mark thou won’t be the better for these three months. What ! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless yourself with ; come along I say.’—‘ O dear Madam,’ cried the stranger, ‘ pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest.’ I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by her hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. ‘ Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father’s bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee ; though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all.’—‘ O my own dear,’—for minutes she could say no more, ‘ my own dearest good papa ! Could angels be kinder ! How do I deserve so much ? The villain, I hate him and myself to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can’t forgive me. I know you cannot.’—‘ Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee :
‘ Only

‘ Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy.’
 ‘ We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.’
 ‘ Ah! never, Sir, never. The rest of my wretched
 ‘ life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home.
 ‘ But alas! papa, you look much paler than you
 ‘ used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you
 ‘ so much uneasiness? Sure you have too much
 ‘ wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon your-
 ‘ self.’—‘ Our wisdom, young woman,’ replied I.
 ‘ Ah, why so cold a name, papa?’ cried she. ‘ This
 ‘ is the first time you ever called me by so cold a
 ‘ name.’—‘ I ask pardon, my darling,’ returned I;
 ‘ but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes
 ‘ but a slow defence against trouble, though at last
 ‘ a sure one.’

The landlady now returned to know if we did not
 chuse a more genteel apartment; to which assent-
 ing, we were shewn a room where we could converse
 more freely. After we had talked ourselves into
 some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desir-
 ing some account of the gradations that led to her
 present wretched situation. ‘ That villain, Sir,’
 said she, ‘ from the first day of our meeting, made
 ‘ me honourable, though private proposals.’

‘ Villain indeed,’ cried I; and yet it in some mea-
 ‘ sure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell’s
 ‘ good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of
 ‘ such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a fa-
 ‘ mily to undo it.’

‘ My dear papa,’ returned my daughter, ‘ you
 ‘ labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell
 ‘ never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that,
 ‘ he took every opportunity of privately admonish-
 ‘ ing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill,
 ‘ who, I now find, was even worse than he repre-
 ‘ sented him.’—‘ Mr. Thornhill!’ interrupted I,
 ‘ can it be?’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned she, ‘ it was
 ‘ Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed
 ‘ the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact
 ‘ were abandoned women of the town, without
 ‘ breeding

‘breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell’s letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.’

‘You amaze me, my dear,’ cried I; ‘but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill’s baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him; and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.’—‘What,’ interrupted I, ‘and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?’—‘Indeed, Sir, we were,’ replied she, ‘though we were both sworn to conceal his name.’—‘Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connection.’

‘Alas, papa,’ replied she, ‘you are but little acquainted with his villainies: he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned.’

‘Has he so!’ cried I, ‘then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.’—‘But, Sir,’ returned she, ‘will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy!’—‘My dear,’ I replied,

I replied, ‘ if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good ; as in politicks, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom ; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the body. But in religion, the law is written, and inflexibly, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right ; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear ; go on.’

‘ The very next morning,’ continued she, ‘ I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked ; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me. My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse ; but I flung it at him with
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‘ indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for
 ‘ a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my
 ‘ situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw
 ‘ myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one
 ‘ friend in the world to apply to. Just in that in-
 ‘ terval, a stage-coach happened to pass by ; I took
 ‘ a place, being my only aim to be driven at a dis-
 ‘ tance from a wretch I despised and detested. I
 ‘ was set down here ; where, since my arrival, my
 ‘ own anxiety, and this woman’s unkindness, have
 ‘ been my only companions. The hours of plea-
 ‘ sure that I have passed with my mama and sister
 ‘ now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are
 ‘ much ; but mine are greater than theirs ; for mine
 ‘ are mixed with guilt and infamy.’

‘ Have patience, my child,’ cried I, ‘ and I hope
 ‘ things will yet be better. Take some repose to-
 ‘ night, and to-morrow I’ll carry you home to your
 ‘ mother and the rest of the family, from whom
 ‘ you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman !
 ‘ this has gone to her heart : but she loves you still,
 ‘ Olivia, and will forget it.’

C H A P. III.

*Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at
 bottom.*

THE next morning I took my daughter behind
 me, and set out on my return home. As we
 travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to
 calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with
 resolution to bear the presence of her offended mo-
 ther. I took every opportunity, from the prospect
 of a fine country, through which we passed, to ob-
 serve how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we
 to each other ; and that the misfortunes of nature’s
 making were but very few. I assured her, that she
 should never perceive any change in my affections,
 and that during my life, which yet might be long,
 she might depend upon a guardian and an instruc-
 tor. I armed her against the censures of the world,
 shewed

shewed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered our hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive out-cry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughters, and

all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! 'Where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?'—'They are burnt to death in the flames,' says my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.'—That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, 'Where are my little ones?'—'Here, dear papa; here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, whilst just as I was got out the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My
goods,

goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more, of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother; whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah, madam,' cried her mother, 'this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.' During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I

could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us, let us not therefore increase them by dissention among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.'

C H A P. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and compleatly miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such

such a manner as totally repress his future sollicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. 'Our happiness, my dear,' I would say, 'is in the power of One who can bring about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

'Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day carelling her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprize, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and the Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though his retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprize at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when

‘ when he heard her mention her former dangers.
 ‘ He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger, acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united.

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia’s affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completions of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot’s, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill’s conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been in the country for many years.

All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

'Why, let him if he can,' returned I: 'but my son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendours of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers going into exile.'

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought repentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with

with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

C H A P. V.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank: where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. ‘Do, my pretty Olivia,’ cried she, ‘let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. ‘Do, child, it will oblige your old father.’ She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter,

daughter, who, desirous of stunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. Sir,' replied I, 'your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.'

'I vow, my dear Sir,' returned he, 'I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it.'

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, Sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion.'

'If she or you,' returned he, 'are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and what is more she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.'

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. 'Avoid my sight, thou reptile,' cried I, 'nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my
' brave

‘ brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone.’

‘ I find,’ cried he, ‘ you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shewn you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard, nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expences lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse.’

‘ Mr. Thornhill,’ replied I, ‘ hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably, deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found it’s baseness. Never more therefore expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee, beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate it’s dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.’

‘ If so,’ returned he, ‘ depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.’ Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort: like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore intreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure: the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

‘Why, my treasures,’ cried I, ‘why will you thus attempt to persuade me to a thing that is not right! My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming
ing

‘ing apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and pleasure!’

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county goal, which was eleven miles off.

‘My friends,’ said I, ‘this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must be so—’

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious: and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter, being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had an horse, kindly took her behind him: for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came as they imagined to do me service.

‘What! my friends,’ cried I, ‘and is this the way you love me! Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit! Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me! Which is your ring-leader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my poor deluded flock, return
‘back

‘back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.’

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all it's former opulence, and retaining no marks of it's ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery ; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

'How,' cried I to myself, 'shall men so very
O 3 'wicked

‘wicked be chearful, and shall I be melancholy !
 ‘I feel only the same confinement with them, and
 ‘I think I have more reason to be happy.’

With such reflections I laboured to become chearful : but chearfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it : for if good, I might profit by his instruction ; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense ; but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called ; or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

‘That’s unfortunate,’ cried he, ‘as you are
 ‘allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment
 ‘is very large and cold. However, you seem to
 ‘be something of a gentleman, and as I have been
 ‘one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are
 ‘heartily at your service.’

I thanked him, professing my surprize at finding such humanity in a gaol, in misfortunes ; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmen aire, ei dos ton etarion*, ‘and in fact,’ continued I, ‘what
 ‘is the world if it affords only solitude ?’

‘You talk of the world, Sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner ; ‘the world is in its dotage, and
 ‘yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has
 ‘puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a
 ‘medley of opinions have they not broached upon
 ‘the creation of the world. Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all at-
 ‘tempted

‘tempted it in vain. The latter has these words,
‘*Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies,
‘—‘I ask pardon, Sir,’ cried I, for interrupting
‘so much learning; but I think I have heard all
‘this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once
‘seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your
‘name Ephraim Jenkinson?’ At this demand he
‘only sighed. ‘I suppose you must recollect,’ re-
‘sumed I, ‘one Doctor Prinrose, from whom
‘you bought a horse.’

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before.
‘Yes, Sir,’ returned Mr. Jenkinson, ‘I remembered you perfectly well; I bought an horse, but
‘forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid
‘of the next assizes; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry,
‘Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for
‘you see,’ continued he, shewing his shackles,
‘what my tricks have brought me to.’

‘Well, Sir,’ replied I, ‘your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no
‘return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to
‘soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough’s
‘evidence, and I will send my son to him for that
‘purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the
‘least doubt but he will comply with my request;
‘and as to my own evidence, you need be under
‘no uneasiness about that.’

‘Well, Sir, cried he, ‘all the return I can
‘make shall be your’s. You shall have more than
‘half my bed-clothes to-night, and I’ll take care
‘to stand your friend in the prison, where I think
‘I have some influence.’

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared

peared at least sixty. ‘Sir,’ answered he, ‘you are a little acquainted with the world; I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, Sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.’

We were now prevented from farther conversation by the arrival of the gaoler’s servants, who came to call over the prisoners names and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

C H A P. VII.

A reformation in the goal; to make laws compleat they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy strength of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday’s uneasiness and fatigue had encreased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to sent my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be

be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

‘Well,’ cried I, ‘my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears.’

‘No, papa,’ says Dick, ‘I am not afraid to lie any where you are.’

‘And I,’ says Bill, who was yet but four years old, ‘love every place best that my papa is in.’

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister’s health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: ‘And as for you my son,’ continued I, ‘it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it is given thee, my son, for very useful purposes: for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.’

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some
time

time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal; 'For, be assured, my friends,' cried I, '(for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every
' moment

‘ moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you. He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that’s good hereafter.

‘ If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who after robbing an house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done.’

When I had concluded, I received the compliment of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lectures next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here: for it ever had been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common

common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

‘Alas, doctor,’ cried he, ‘these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!’

‘Why Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.’

‘I fancy, Sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner, ‘that it must give you a great comfort to have this little family about you.’

‘A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.’

‘I am afraid, Sir,’ cried he, ‘that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here,’ (looking at my son Moses) ‘one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.’

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. ‘Yet,’ continued he, ‘I can’t help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception.’

‘My dear Sir,’ returned the other, ‘it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black ribband in your hair, that allured me. But no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last.’

‘I sup-

‘ I suppose,’ cried my son, ‘ that the narrative of such a life as your’s must be extremely instructive and amusing.’

‘ Not much of either,’ returned Mr. Jenkinson. ‘ Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey’s end.’

‘ Indeed I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However,’ continued he, ‘ let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a goal myself, I may extricate my friends.’

In compliance with this curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon

something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

C H A P. VIII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

‘Excuse me,’ returned I; ‘these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yet, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up but even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?’

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose

trick

trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest, for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous groupe of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobaccoists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment: so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity. That it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not

by making punishments familiar but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives of virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms, but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between an hundred and an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone are very tender of the lives of each

each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it encreased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell, whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should

then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

C H A P. IX.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life; temporal evils or felicity being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

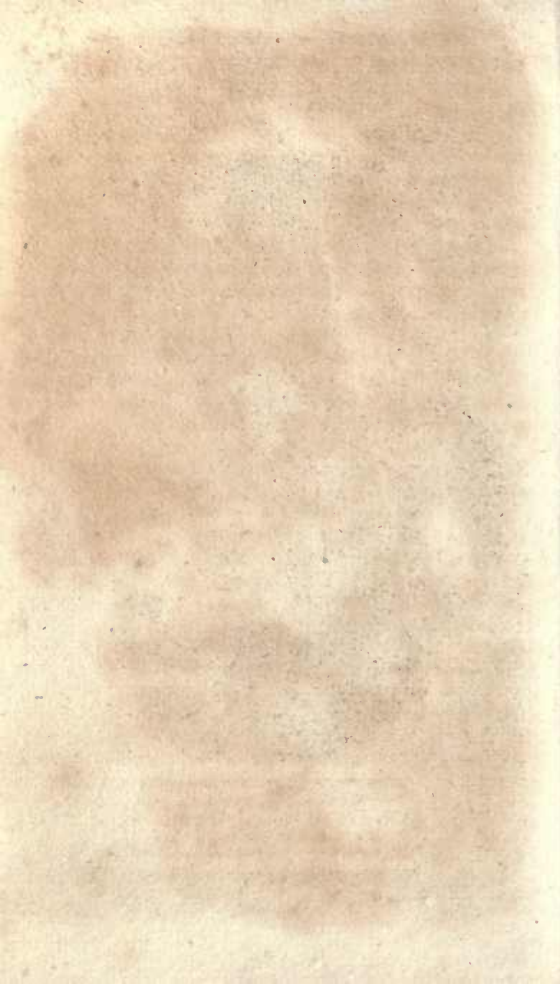
I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have mouldered every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

‘I am glad to see thee, my dear,’ cried I; ‘but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be chearful, child, and we may yet see happier days.’

‘You have ever, Sir,’ replied she, ‘been kind to me; and it adds to my pain, that I shall never



VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, VOL. I. Ch. 9. P.
The Vicar, visited in Prison, by
his daughters Olivia and Sophia.



‘ver have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, Sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; it may, in some measure, induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.’

‘Never, child,’ replied I, ‘never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though the world may look up on your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no ways miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem, and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another.’

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of the family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. ‘Beside,’ added he, ‘I don’t know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told, that even in this very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of: yet I would grant neither, as something
‘whispers

‘ whispers me, that it would be giving a sanction
 ‘ to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other
 ‘ marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye.
 ‘ Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest
 ‘ of men, from any resentment of my own, to at-
 ‘ tempt putting asunder those who wish for an union.
 ‘ No, villain as he is, I should then wish him mar-
 ‘ ried, to prevent the consequences of his future
 ‘ debaucheries. But now should I not be the most
 ‘ cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must
 ‘ send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a
 ‘ prison myself; and thus to escape one pang, break
 ‘ my child’s heart with a thousand.’

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but
 could not avoid observing, that he feared my
 daughter’s life was already too much wasted to keep
 me long a prisoner. ‘ However,’ continued he,
 ‘ though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I
 ‘ hope you have no objections to laying your case
 ‘ before the uncle, who has the first character in
 ‘ the kingdom for every thing that is just and good.
 ‘ I would advise you to send him a letter by the
 ‘ post, intimating all his nephew’s ill usage, and
 ‘ my life for it, that in three days you shall have
 ‘ an answer.’ I thanked him for the hint, and in-
 stantly set out about complying; but I wanted pa-
 per, and unluckily all our money had been laid
 out that morning in provisions; however, he sup-
 plied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of
 anxiety, to know what reception my letter might
 meet with; but in the mean time was frequently
 solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions
 rather than remain here, and every hour received
 repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter’s
 health. The third day and the fourth arrived,
 but I received no answer to my letter: the com-
 plaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew,
 were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes

Soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Mr. William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was the confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from it's prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came; she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient; she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They intreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my sister an angel now, papa,' cried the eldest, 'and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.'—'Yes,' added my youngest darling, 'heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.'

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that now my daughter was no more I should seriously think of the rest of my family and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air.

air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support: and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

‘Heaven be praised,’ replied I, ‘there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, Sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it.’ Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he
had

had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

‘ Well, Sir,’ said I to my fellow-prisoner, ‘ you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel ; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it : this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken ; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their Heavenly father.

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. ‘ Why, my love,’ cried I, ‘ why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own ? What though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more.’—‘ We have indeed lost,’ returned she, ‘ a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest, is gone : snatched from us, carried off by ruffians !’

‘ How, madam,’ cried my fellow-prisoner, ‘ Miss Sophia carried off by villains ! Sure it cannot be ?’

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoner’s wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account : she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them,

them, and instantly stopt. Upon which a well dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

‘Now,’ cried I, ‘the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! the child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fail. Not to leave me one!’—‘Alas, my husband,’ said my wife, ‘you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.’

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that he might still have reason to be thankful.—‘My child,’ cried I, ‘look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out; while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave.’ My dear father,’ returned he, ‘I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George.’—‘What of him, my child,’ interrupted I, ‘does he know my misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ returned he, ‘he is perfectly gay, chearful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favorite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant!’

‘And are you sure of this,’ cried my wife; ‘are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?’—‘Nothing indeed, Madam,’ returned my son; ‘you

‘you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure: and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.’---‘But are you sure,’ still repeated she, ‘that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?’---‘Yes, Madam,’ replied he, ‘it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family!’---Then I thank Providence, cried she, ‘that my last letter has miscarried.’ ‘Yes, my dear,’ continued she, turning to me, ‘I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us, in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother’s blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.’---‘Woman,’ cried I, ‘thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has preserved the son to be father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stript of every comfort, when I still hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left! he has no sisters now, they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!’---‘Father,’ interrupted my son, ‘I beg you will give me leave to read this letter, I know it will please you.’ Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

‘HONOURED SIR,

‘I Have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless groupe as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the
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‘deforming hand of ambition or distress ! But whatever
 ‘your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be
 ‘some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased
 ‘with my situation, and every way happy here.

‘Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave
 ‘the kingdom ; the colonel, who professes himself my
 ‘friend, takes me with him to all companies where he
 ‘is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find
 ‘myself received with increased respect upon repeating
 ‘it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I
 ‘forget you know whom, I might be perhaps success-
 ‘ful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while
 ‘I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends ;
 ‘and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider
 ‘you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter
 ‘from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too
 ‘promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me.
 ‘Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and
 ‘that I am this moment in a most violent passion with
 ‘them : yet still, I know not how, though I want to
 ‘bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer
 ‘emotions. Then tell them, Sir, that after all, I love
 ‘them affectionately ; and be assured of my ever remain-
 ‘ing your dutiful son.’

‘In all our misery,’ cried I, ‘what thanks have we
 ‘not to return, that one at least of our family is ex-
 ‘empted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard,
 ‘and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his
 ‘widowed mother, and the father of these two babes,
 ‘which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him !
 ‘May he keep their innocence from the temptations of
 ‘want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour !’
 I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of
 a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below ; it
 died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard
 along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper
 of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wound-
 ed, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with
 compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but
 with horror when I found it was my own son, ‘My
 ‘George !

‘George! my George! and do I behold thee thus! Wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness! Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!’

‘Where, Sir, is your fortitude?’ returned my son, with an intrepid voice; ‘I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it.’

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. ‘O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! chained, wounded. And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day. To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul, fall heavy upon the murderer of my children. May he live, like me, to see——

‘Hold, Sir,’ replied my son, ‘or I shall blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy grey head with destruction! No, Sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.’

‘My child you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.’

‘Mine, Sir,’ returned my son, ‘is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desper-

‘rately: but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable; I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, Sir, find them in your example.’

‘And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that hold it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide your’s in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see, and am convinced you expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share.—Good Jailor, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.’ Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother supported me on either side, I looked, and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP. X.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

‘MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we daily see thousands, who by suicide shew us they have
‘nothing’

‘ nothing left to hope. In this life then it appears that
‘ we cannot be entirely blest ; but yet we may be com-
‘ pletely miserable.

‘ Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretch-
‘ edness should be requisite in the formation of universal
‘ felicity, why, when all other systems are made per-
‘ fect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the
‘ great system should require for its perfection, parts that
‘ are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in
‘ themselves : These are questions that never can be
‘ explained, and might be useless if known. On this
‘ subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curio-
‘ sity, satisfied with granting us motives to consol-
‘ ation.

‘ In this situation, man has called in the friendly as-
‘ sistance of philosophy, and Heaven seeing the incapacity
‘ of that to console him, has given him the aid of reli-
‘ gion. The consolations of philosophy are very amu-
‘ sing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled
‘ with comforts, if we will but enjoy them ; and, on the
‘ other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries
‘ here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus
‘ do these consolations destroy each other ; for if life is a
‘ place of comfort, it’s shortness must be a misery, and
‘ if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philo-
‘ sophy is weak ; but religion comforts in an higher
‘ strain. Man is here, it tells us, sitting up his mind, and
‘ preparing it for another abode. When the good man
‘ leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find
‘ he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here,
‘ while the wretch that has been maimed and contami-
‘ nated by his vices, shrinks from his body with horror,
‘ and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of
‘ heaven. To religion, then, we must hold, in every cir-
‘ cumstance of our life, for our truest comfort : for if al-
‘ ready we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we
‘ can make that happiness unending ; and if we are mi-
‘ serable, it is very consoling to think that there is a
‘ place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds

‘ out a continuance of bliss ; to the wretched a change
‘ from pain.

‘ But though religion is very kind to all men, it has
‘ promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy ; the sick,
‘ the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the
‘ prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sa-
‘ cred law. The Author of our religion every where
‘ professes himself the wretch’s friend ; and, unlike the
‘ false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the
‘ forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as a
‘ partiality, as a preference, without merit to deserve it.
‘ But they never reflect that it is not in the power of even
‘ Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as
‘ great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the
‘ first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it
‘ but increases what they already possess. To the
‘ latter it is a double advantage ; for it diminishes their
‘ pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss
‘ hereafter.

‘ But Providence is in all other respects kinder to the
‘ poor than the rich ; for as it thus makes the life after
‘ death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there.
‘ The wretched have had a long familiarity with every
‘ face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself qui-
‘ etly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few
‘ ties to stop his departure : he feels only nature’s pang
‘ in the final separation, and this is no way greater than
‘ he has often fainted under before ; for, after a certain
‘ degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in
‘ that constitution, nature covers with insensibility.

‘ Thus Providence has given the wretched two ad-
‘ vantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in
‘ dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure
‘ which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this
‘ superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and
‘ seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the
‘ parable ; for though he was already in heaven, and
‘ felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was men-
‘ tioned, as an addition to his happiness, that he had

‘ once been wretched, and now was comforted ; that he
‘ had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt
‘ what it was to be happy.

‘ Thus, my friends, you see religion does what Philosophy could never do : it shews the equal dealings of
‘ heaven to the happy and unhappy, and levels all human
‘ enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to
‘ both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and
‘ equal hopes to aspire after it ; but if the rich have
‘ the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor
‘ have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was
‘ once to be miserable, when crowded with endless felicity hereafter ; and even though it should be called a
‘ small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must
‘ make up by duration what the temporal happiness of
‘ the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

‘ These are therefore the consolations which the
‘ wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which
‘ they are above the rest of mankind ; in other respects
‘ they are below them. They who would know the
‘ miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To
‘ declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only
‘ repeating what none either believe or practise. The men
‘ who have the necessities of living are not poor, and they
‘ who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friend, we
‘ must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic
‘ sweetness to the dark vapour of a dungeon, or ease the
‘ throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from
‘ his couch of softness tell us we can resist all these. Alas !
‘ the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest
‘ pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it ; but
‘ torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

‘ To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness
‘ in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our reward
‘ be in this life alone, we are indeed of all men the most
‘ miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls,
‘ made to terrify, as well as to confine us ; this light,
‘ that only serves to shew the horrors of the place ; those
‘ shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made
‘ necessary ;

‘ necessary ; when I survey these emaciated looks, and
‘ hear those groans, O, my friends, what a glorious ex-
‘ change would heaven be for these ! To fly through
‘ regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of
‘ eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to
‘ have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of
‘ goodness for ever in our eyes ; when I think of these
‘ things, death becomes the messenger of very glad ti-
‘ dings ; when I think of these things, his sharpest ar-
‘ row becomes the staff of my support ; when I think of
‘ these things, what is there in life worth having ?
‘ When I think of these things, what is there that should
‘ not be spurned away ? Kings in their palaces should
‘ groan for such advantages ; but we, humbled as we
‘ are, should yearn for them.

‘ And shall these things be ours ? Ours they will cer-
‘ tainly be if we but try for them ; and what is a com-
‘ fort, we are shut out from many temptations that
‘ would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them,
‘ and they will certainly be ours ; and what is still a
‘ comfort, shortly too : for if we look back on past life,
‘ it appears but a very short span, and whatever we
‘ may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less
‘ duration ; as we grow older, the days seem to grow
‘ shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the
‘ perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort
‘ now, for we shall soon be at our journey’s end ; we
‘ shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by heaven
‘ upon us ; and though death, the only friend of the
‘ wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller
‘ with the view, and, like the horizon, still flies before
‘ him ; yet the time will certainly and shortly come,
‘ when we shall cease from our toil ; when the luxurious
‘ great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the
‘ earth ; when we shall think with pleasure on our suf-
‘ ferings below ; when we shall be surrounded with all
‘ our friends, or such as deserved our friendship ; when
‘ our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all,
‘ unending.’

CHAP IX.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty: observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before, in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure. 'Here, papa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety.'—A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell,' cried I, 'this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude.'

'After

'After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me.'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it!'

'It was ever my conjecture,' cried I, 'that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.---But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mama and I were walking out, he came behind us, and almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time, I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive, at some distance, but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and intreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times; upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and, with one blow, knock the postilion to the ground. The horses when he was fallen, soon stopt of themselves; and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr.

Burchell

‘ Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile ; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer ; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too ; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell’s compassion ; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.’

‘ Welcome, then,’ cried I, ‘ my child, and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompence, she is your’s ; if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, Sir, that I give you no small treasure ; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind.’

‘ But I suppose, Sir,’ cried Mr. Burchell, ‘ that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves ?’

‘ If your present objection,’ replied I, ‘ be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist ; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you ; and, if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice.’

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal ; and, without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshment from the next inn ; to which being answered in the

the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George? to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy came into the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. 'Come on,' cried I, 'my son, though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy, the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest gratitude.'

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance.

‘My dear brother,’ cried his sister, ‘why don’t you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other.’

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, ‘I again find,’ said he, ‘unthinking boy, that the same crime’—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler’s servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. ‘Bid the fellow wait,’ cried our guest, ‘till I shall have leisure to receive him;’ and then turning to my son, ‘I again find, Sir,’ proceeded he, ‘that you are guilty of the same offence for which you had once my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, Sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester’s fraud, when he acknowledges that he has staked a counter?’

‘Alas, Sir,’ cried I, ‘whenever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment required him upon her blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here, Sir, is the letter which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt.’

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. ‘This,’ says he, ‘though not a perfect excuse, is such a pallia-

‘tion of his fault, as induces me to forgive him.—And
 ‘now, Sir,’ continued he, kindly taking my son by the
 hand, ‘I see you are surprized at finding me here; but
 ‘I have often visited prisons upon occasions left interest-
 ‘ing. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man,
 ‘for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long
 ‘been a disguised spectator of thy father’s benevolence.
 ‘I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontami-
 ‘nated by flattery, and have received that happiness that
 ‘courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity
 ‘round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of
 ‘my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived;
 ‘it would be wronging him and you to condemn him
 ‘without examination; if there be injury there shall be
 ‘redress; and this I may say without boasting, that
 ‘none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William
 ‘Thornhill.’

We now found the personage whom we had long entertained as an harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who but a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

‘Ah, Sir,’ cried my wife with a piteous aspect, how
 ‘is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness; the
 ‘slights you received from me the last time I had the ho-
 ‘nour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which
 ‘I audaciously threw out; these, Sir, I fear can never
 ‘be forgiven.’

‘My dear good lady,’ returned he with a smile, if you
 ‘had your joke, I had my answer; I’ll leave it to all
 ‘the company if mine were not as good as your’s. To
 ‘say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be
 angry

‘angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal’s person, so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me Sophia, my dear, whether, you should know him again?’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘I can’t be positive; yet now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows.’ ‘I ask pardon, Madam,’ interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, ‘but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?’—‘Yes, I think so,’ cried Sophia.—‘And did your honour,’ continued he, turning to Sir William, ‘observe the length of his legs?’—‘I can’t be sure of their length,’ cried the Baronet, ‘but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.’—‘Please your honour,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle: Timothy Baxter is his name, I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I’ll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest.’ Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. ‘Yes, please your honour,’ replied the gaoler, ‘I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him will desire to know more of him.’ ‘Well, then,’ said the baronet, ‘my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.’—‘Your promise is sufficient,’ replied the other, ‘and you may at a minute’s warning send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.’

In pursuance of the gaoler’s compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were indulged with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William’s neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented

her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, ‘What Bill, you chubby rogue,’ cried he, ‘do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick too, my honest veteran, are you here! you shall find I have not forgot you.’ So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily; as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

C H A P. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. ‘No fawning, Sir, at present,’ cried the baronet, with a look of severity, ‘the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I see only complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice and oppression. How, is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son too, whom you feared to face as a man—’

‘Is it possible, Sir,’ interrupted, his nephew, ‘that my uncle could object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid.’

‘Your

‘Your rebuke,’ cried Sir William, ‘is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but thou——yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.’

‘And I hope,’ said his nephew, ‘that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places of public amusement; thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear myself to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner, and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.’

‘If this,’ cried Sir William, ‘be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.’

‘He cannot contradict a single particular,’ replied the squire, ‘I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,’ continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him; ‘thus, Sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this too at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life; this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has been

‘wounded dangerously, and even though my uncle himself would dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it.’

‘Thou monster,’ cried my wife, ‘hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man.’

‘Madam,’ replied the good man, ‘your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—’ But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler’s two servants, now called off our attention, who entered hawling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description given of that ruffian who carried off my daughter— ‘Here,’ cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, ‘here, we have him, and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn this is one.’

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Mr. Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopt him. ‘What squire,’ cried he, ‘are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved I will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour continued he, turning to Sir William, ‘has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded: he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair, that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to have run off,

by

‘by which means Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender.’

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed with a more circumstantial account; and concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

‘Heaven,’ cried Sir William, ‘what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice too as he seemed to be. But he shall have it; secure him Mr. gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is no legal evidence to detain him.’

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. ‘Your servants!’ replied Sir William; ‘wretch, call them yours no longer: but come; let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called.’

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master’s looks that all his power was now over. ‘Tell me,’ cried Sir William sternly, ‘have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?’ ‘Yes, please your honour,’ cried the butler, ‘a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies.’ ‘How,’ interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, ‘this to my face!’—‘Yes,’ replied the butler, ‘or to any man’s face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don’t care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.’—‘Now then,’ cried Jenkinson, tell his honour ‘whether you know any thing of me.’—‘I can’t say,’ replied the butler, ‘that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman’s daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them.’—‘So then,’ cried Sir William ‘I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches!—But, (continuing his examination)

tion) ‘you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman’s daughter.’—‘No, please your honour,’ replied the butler, ‘he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them.’—‘It is but too true,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘I cannot deny it, that was the employment assigned for me, and I confess it to my confusion.’

‘Good heavens!’ exclaimed the baronet, ‘how every new discovery of his villainy alarms me! all his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge; at my request, Mr. gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner free, and trust to me for the consequences. I’ll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Intreat her to come in. Where is she?’

‘Ah! Sir,’ said I, ‘that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries’—Another interruption here prevented; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprize at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt’s, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill’s being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they

were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprized us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the squire who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.'

'He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her; 'no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, Madam, as compleat a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had courage to face his betrayer. And, give me leave, Madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster.'

'O goodness,' cried the lovely girl, 'how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose was gone off to America with his new married lady.'

'My sweetest Miss,' cried my wife, 'he has told you nothing

'nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else; and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.' She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

'Good Heavens! cried Miss Wilmot, 'how very near I have been to the brink of ruin! But how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous!'

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorum could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—'Sure, Madam,' cried he, 'this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy.'—'No, Sir,' replied she, 'I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have

‘ have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it: but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated, and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another’s.’—‘ And no others you shall be,’ cried Sir William, ‘ if I have any influence with your father.’

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. ‘ I find then,’ cried he, ‘ that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, Sir,’ turning to Sir William, ‘ I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me, which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other.’

This was an alarming blow; Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? ‘ Though fortune,’ said she, ‘ is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.’

‘ And that, Madam,’ cried her real lover, ‘ was, indeed, all that you ever had to give: at least, all I ever thought worth the acceptance. And, I now protest, my Arabella, by all that’s happy, your want of fortune this moment encreases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.’

Mr. Wilnot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculation, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. 'I must confess, Sir,' cried he, 'that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a sufficient competence to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they had long loved each other, and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his own promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.'

'Sir William,' replied the old gentleman, 'be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here,' (meaning me) 'give a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together.'

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectation as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this

‘is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that’s good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high!’ ‘Yes, my George,’ returned his lovely bride, ‘now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him now enjoy our fortune, I now can be happy even in indigence.’ ‘And I promise you,’ cried the squire, with a malicious grin, ‘that I shall be very happy with what you despise.’ ‘Hold, hold, Sir,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady’s fortune, Sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it.—‘Pray, your honour,’ continued he to Sir William, ‘can the squire have this lady’s fortune if he be married to another?’ ‘How can you make such a simple demand?’ replied the Baronet; ‘undoubtedly he cannot.’—‘I am sorry for that,’ cried Jenkinson; ‘for as we have been fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco stopper, for he is married already.’—‘You lie like a rascal,’ returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; ‘I never was legally married to any woman,’—‘Indeed, begging your honour’s pardon,’ replied the other, ‘you were: and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife, and if the company restrains the curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.’ So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. ‘Aye, let him go,’ cried the squire; ‘whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.’

‘I am surprized,’ said the Baronet, ‘what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour I suppose!’—‘Perhaps, Sir,’ replied I, ‘he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman had laid to seduce innocence,

'perhaps some one more artful than the rest, has been
 'found able to deceive him. When we consider what
 'numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel
 'with an anguish, the infamy and the contamination
 'which he has brought into their families, it would
 'not surprize me, if some of them—Amazement! Do I
 'see my lost daughter! Do I hold her! It is, it is
 'my life, my happiness. I thought thee lost, my
 'Olivia, yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to
 'bless me.' The warmest transports of the fondest lover
 were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce
 my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose
 silence only spoke her raptures. 'And art thou return-
 'ed to me, my darling,' cried I, 'to be my comfort in
 'age!'—'That she is,' cried Jenkinson, 'and make
 'much of her, for she is your own honourable child,
 'and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let
 'the other be who she will.—And as for you, squire, as
 'sure as you stand there, this young lady is your law-
 'ful wedded wife. And to convince you that I speak
 'nothing but the truth, here is the license by which you
 'were married together.' So saying, he put the license
 into the baronet's hands, who read it, and found it
 perfect in every respect. 'And now gentlemen,' con-
 tinued he, 'I find you are surprized at all this; but a
 'few words will explain the difficulty. That there
 'squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship,
 'but that's between ourselves, has often employed me
 'in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest he
 'commissioned me to procure him a false license and a
 'false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But
 'as I was very much his friend, what did I do but went
 'and got a true license and a true priest, and married
 'them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps
 'you'll think it was generosity made me do all this. But
 'no. To my shame I confess it. My only design was
 'to keep the license, and let the squire know that
 'I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper,
 'to make him come down whenever I wanted money.'

A burst

A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment ; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

And shook their chains

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps among all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. 'How could you,' cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, 'how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not ; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompence for the pain.'

'As to your question,' replied Jenkinson, 'that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living, there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now.'

In the whole assembly now there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him ; he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness ; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken ; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This

‘ young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a
 ‘ third part of that fortune which once was thine, and
 ‘ from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any ex-
 ‘ traordinary supplies for the future.’ He was going to
 ‘ express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech ;
 but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not
 aggravate his meanness, which was already but too ap-
 parent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone,
 and from all his former domestics to chuse one, such as
 he should think proper, which was all that should be
 granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped
 up to her with a smile, and wished her joy. His ex-
 ample was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father ;
 my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as,
 to use her own expression, she was now made an honest
 woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn and
 even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to
 that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of
 increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in
 doing good, now looked round, with a countenance
 open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of
 all, except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some
 reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly
 satisfied. ‘ I think now,’ cried, he with a smile, that
 ‘ all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly
 ‘ happy. There only remains a piece of justice for me
 ‘ to do. You are sensible, Sir,’ continued he turning to
 me, ‘ of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson.
 ‘ And it is but justice we should both reward him for
 ‘ it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy,
 ‘ and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as
 ‘ her fortune, and upon this I am sure they can live very
 ‘ comfortably together. Come Miss Sophia, what say
 ‘ you to this match of my making? Will you have him?’
 My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother’s
 arms at the hideous proposal. ‘ Have him, Sir!’ cried
 she faintly : ‘ No Sir, never.’—‘ What cried he again,
 ‘ Not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome
 ‘ young

‘young fellow, with five hundred pounds and good expectations!’—‘I beg Sir,’ returned she, scarce able to speak, ‘that you’ll desist, and not make me so very wretched.’—‘Was ever such obstinacy known,’ cried he again, ‘to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds! What, not have him!’—‘No, Sir, never,’ replied she angrily; ‘I’d sooner die first.’—‘If that be the case then,’ cried he, ‘if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself. And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. ‘My loveliest, my most sensible of girls,’ cried he, ‘how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years fought for a woman, who a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!’ Then, turning to Jenkinson, ‘As I cannot, Sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.’ Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William’s gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn,

where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alteration of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XIII.

The Conclusion.

THE next morning as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting at my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found all the company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as
they

they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment, they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy, and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day.' This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamborough's alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law,

law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by this harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea a-piece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides: but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should set indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carrying all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember; old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamborough's would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom,

custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,







ZADIG. Chap. 17. P. 77.
Zadig, prostrating himself at
the Feet of the Angel Jesrad.

ZADIG:
OR, THE
BOOK OF FATE,
AN ORIENTAL HISTORY,
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

— *Quo fata trabunt, retrabuntque sequamur,
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium.* VIRG.

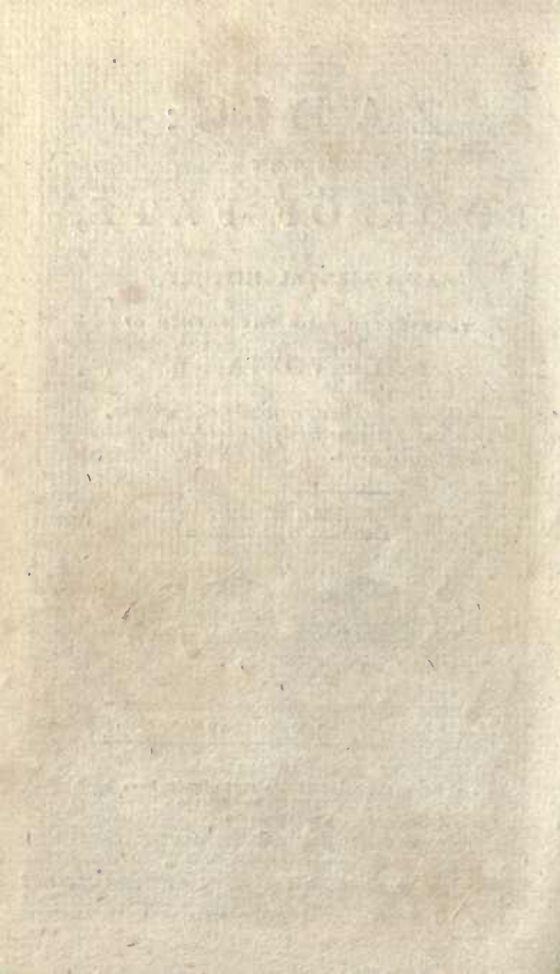
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EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

SULTANA SHERAA.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE MONTH SCHEVAL, IN THE
YEAR OF THE HEGIRA 837.

DELIGHT of every eye, torment of every heart, divine light of the mind! I kiss not the dust of thy feet, because thou seldom walkest, and when thou dost, it is only on the carpets of Iran, or with thy way strewed with roses. You are here presented with the translation of a book wrote by an ancient sage, who enjoying the happiness of having nothing to do, thought proper to amuse himself with writing the history of Zadig; a performance which, I may venture to assure you, expresses much more than it seems to express. And I beg you will indulge me so far, as to read it over, and then pass your impartial judgment upon it: for although you are in the bloom of life; though every pleasure courts you; though you are the darling of nature; possess internal accomplishments adequate to your beauty; though you are praised throughout the world from the night till the morning, and consequently have a right to divest yourself of common sense; yet you have, notwithstanding, a mind filled with wisdom, and an imagination uncommonly delicate. I have frequently heard you discourse more learnedly than the wisest dervise, with his venerable beard and pointed bonnet. You are discreet without being distrustful; mild and gentle without weakness; and beneficent with discernment: you love your friends, and do not make yourself any enemies. The sprightly sallies of your wit never borrow any lustre from detraction; you never speak or do ill, notwithstanding the prodigious ease with which you could do both. In short,

your soul has constantly appeared as pure and faultless as your person. You have, moreover, a small fund of philosophy; which induces me to believe that you will better relish this performance, the work of a sage, than any other lady of your quality.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee, which neither you nor I understand; from whence it was translated into Arabick, to amuse the celebrated Sultan Ouloug-beg. This was at the time when the Arabians and Persians began to write the Thousand and One Nights, and the Thousand and One Days. Ouloug found most pleasure in reading Zadig; but the sultanas preferred the Thousand and One. 'How can ye,' said the wise Ouloug, 'admire stories void of sense, and without meaning?'—'Oh!' replied the sultanas, 'the less sense there is in them, the more they are in taste; and the less their merit, the greater their commendation.'

I flatter myself, great patroness of wisdom, that you will not resemble those thoughtless sultanas, but will deign to adopt the sentiments of Ouloug. I even hope that, when you are weary of general conversations, which have a great resemblance to the Thousand and Ones, I shall be happy enough to find a minute in which I may have the honour of speaking to you in the voice of reason. Had you been Thalettris, in the days of Scander; had you been the Queen of Sheba, in the time of Solomon; those kings would have been proud to visit you.

May the celestial virtues grant, that your pleasures find no interruption, your charms know no decay, and your happiness be everlasting!



A P P R O B A T I O N.

I THE underwritten, who have obtained the reputation of learning, and even that of being a man of wit, have read this manuscript, which I find, to my great mortification, is curious, amusing, moral, philosophical, and well worth reading, even by those who dislike romances: I have therefore thought proper to depreciate it, and have accordingly assured the CADI-LESQUIRE, that it is a most detestable performance.

ZADIG:

OR THE

BOOK OF FATE.

CHAP. I.

The Blind of one Eye.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a man named Zadig. He was endowed by nature with an uncommon genius; and his parents, who were persons of rank, took care to cultivate it with an excellent education. Though rich and young, he knew how to moderate his passions; he had nothing in him affected; he disdained the ostentation of wisdom, and knew how to pity the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. Every one was surprized to find, that though he had such a fund of wit, he never exposed, by his raillery, those impertinent and seditious discourses, those rash slanders, those ignorant decisions, those rude jests, and that vain sound of words, which, in Babylon, went by the name of polite conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a bladder swelled with wind, from whence tempests proceed whenever it is pierced. In particular, he never boasted of his conquests among the fair-sex, and of his bringing them into subjection. He was too generous to be afraid of conferring obligations on the ungrateful, following this great precept of Zoroaster—*When thou eatest, give to the dogs, though they should growl at*

thce. He was as wise as it was possible; for he sought not the company of any but such as were famous for their wisdom. He was acquainted with the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans; was not ignorant of such physical principles of nature as were then discovered; and knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say, little or nothing of the matter. He was firmly persuaded, in spite of the philosophy of his time, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and an half, and that the sun was situated in the centre of the earth: but when the chief magi told him, with an insulting haughtiness, that he entertained heretical sentiments, and was an enemy to the state, for believing that the sun turned about it's own axis, and that the year consisted of twelve months, he was wise enough to avoid the appearance of anger or contempt.

As Zadig possessed great riches, and had consequently many friends; and as he had also an excellent constitution, an amiable figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart sincere and noble; he imagined that he might be happy. He therefore determined to marry a gay young lady, named Semira, whose beauty, birth, and fortune, rendered her the most desirable person in Babylon. He had a solid and virtuous affection for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate tenderness. A short time before their intended union, as they were walking together near one of the gates of Babylon, under a row of palm-trees on the banks of the Euphrates, they saw a band of men, armed with sabres, bows and arrows, approaching towards them. These were the attendants of young Orcan, nephew to a minister of state, whom the concubines of his uncle had persuaded might commit, with impunity, whatever crimes he pleased. Although he had none of the internal accomplishments of Zadig, yet he imagined himself to be greatly his superior, and was therefore enraged at not being preferred before him. This jealousy, which arose merely from his vanity, induced him

to believe that he loved Semira to distraction; fired with which notion, he determined to carry her away by force. The russians rudely seized her; and, in the heat of the encounter, drew the blood of a beauty, the sight of whose charms would have moved to pity even the tygers of Mount Emaus. The injured lady pierced the heavens with her cries; exclaiming—‘ O my husband! my dear husband! They force me from the arms of him whom alone I adore!’ She regarded not her own danger; her thoughts were wholly engrossed by her fears for her dearly beloved Zadig. In the mean time, he defended himself with all the strength and resolution which love and valour usually inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the villains to flight, and carried home Semira, senseless and bloody as she was. The moment she came to herself, she fixed her lovely eyes on her deliverer. ‘ O Zadig!’ said she, ‘ I not only love thee as my husband, but as him to whom I owe my life; and what to me is far dearer, the preservation of my honour.’ Never was a heart more enflamed than Semira’s; never did such ravishing lips express sentiments so kind and tender: her words were of fire; they were inspired by gratitude for the greatest of all benefits, and the warmest transports of a lawful affection. Her wounds were slight, and were quickly healed. Zadig was wounded in a more dangerous manner; he was struck by an arrow near his left-eye. Semira incessantly addressed the gods for the cure of her lover; her cheeks were night and day bathed in tears; and she waited with impatience for the happy moment when the eyes of Zadig should behold her anxiety! But, alas! the wounded eye became so swelled and enflamed, that his friends were in the greatest concern for his sight. They sent even to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who immediately attended his patient with a numerous retinue. On his first visit, he declared that Zadig would lose his eye, and predicted the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. ‘ If it had been the right-eye,’

said he, ' I could have healed it ; but the wounds of ' the left are incurable.' All Babylon, while they lamented the destiny of Zadig, admired the wisdom of Hermes. Two days after, the abscess burst of itself ; and Zadig, in a short time, was perfectly recovered. Hermes then wrote a very elaborate treatise, to prove that he ought not to have been cured : which Zadig, however, did not think worth his perusal ; but, as soon as he could go abroad, prepared to visit her on whom he founded his hopes of happiness, and for whose sake alone he had wished the restoration of his sight. Semira, he found, had been three days in the country ; and he was at the same time informed, that as this beautiful creature had publicly declared an insuperable aversion to one-eyed men, she was that very night to be wedded to Orcan. At this unexpected ill news, poor Zadig fell senseless on the earth ; and was so greatly affected with his disappointment, that it threw him into a violent illness, which lasted some months. At length reason prevailed over his affliction, and the reflection of the guilt he had experienced in her, served to give him consolation.

' Since I have suffered,' said he, ' the effects of such ' cruel caprice, from a woman educated at court, I ' will now wed the daughter of some substantial citizen.' Accordingly, he made choice of Azora, a young lady of genteel education, an excellent œconomist, and descended from parents the most respectable. Shortly after, they were married, and lived for a whole month in all the delights of the most tender union. But he soon began to perceive that Azora possessed some small degree of levity, and had a strong propensity to believe that those young men who had the most agreeable persons, were always the most virtuous and witty.

C H A P. II.

The Nose.

AZORA had been one day walking, when she returned filled with rage, and uttering loud exclamations. ‘Why, O my dear wife! are you afflicted?’ said he. ‘Who has been able thus to disturb you?’—‘Alas!’ said she, ‘you would have been equally enraged, had you seen what I have just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who has been these two days erecting a monument to the memory of her deceased husband, near the rivalet which runs by the side of this meadow. In the height of her grief, she made a solemn vow to stay at his tomb as long as the rivulet kept its course.’—‘Well,’ said Zadig, ‘this woman is worthy of esteem; she loved her husband with perfect sincerity.’—‘Ah!’ replied Azora, ‘did you know how she was employed, when I went to visit her, you would not say so.’—‘How was it, lovely Azora?’ said he; ‘was she turning the stream of the rivulet?’ Azora answered by long invectives; and uttered such bitter reproaches against the young widow, that Zadig was disgusted at her ostentation of virtue.

Zadig had an intimate friend named Cador, whose wife was perfectly virtuous and actually preferred her husband to all the world besides: this friend Zadig made his confidant, and secured his fidelity by a considerable present.

Azora had been two days in the country, visiting one of her friends: at her return home, on the third, she was informed by her domesticks, who were all in tears, that Zadig died suddenly the night before; that they had not dared to carry her this fatal news; and that they had just buried him in the tomb of his fathers, at the end of the garden. She burst into a flood of tears, tore her hair, and vowed that she would immediately

follow him. In the evening Cador came, and begged to be permitted to condole with her; and they both joined their lamentations. The next day they wept less, and dined together; when Cador informed her, that Zadig had left him the greatest part of his wealth, and gave her to understand, that his happiness depended on her sharing his fortune. The lady again burst into tears; grew angry; and became reconciled. They sat longer at supper than they had done at dinner, and talked together with greater confidence. Azora was lavish in her encomiums on the deceased; but at the same time observed, that he had faults from which Cador was exempt. In the midst of their entertainment, Cador suddenly complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, afflicted, and eager to serve him, ordered the essences of flowers and drugs to be brought; and with these she anointed him, to try if any of them would assuage his anguish: she was much concerned that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon, and condescended to lay her warm hand on the part affected. ‘Are you subject to this tormenting malady?’ said she, in a soft compassionate tone. ‘Sometimes,’ said Cador, ‘I am so violently affected with it, that it brings me to the very brink of the grave: nor is there but a single remedy which can give me ease, and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man lately dead.’—‘This is a strange remedy!’ said Azora. ‘Not more strange,’ replied he, ‘than the satchels of the great Arnou* against the apoplexy.’

This reason, added to the person and merit of the young man, at last determined her in his favour. ‘After all,’ said she, ‘when my husband passes the bridge Tchimavar, the angel Afrail will not stop his passage, though his nose be somewhat shorter in

* There was at this time in Babylon, a famous doctor, named Arnou, who (in the Gazettes) cured apoplectick fits, and prevented them from affecting his patients, by hanging a little bag about their necks.

‘ the next life than it was in this.’ She then took a razor, went to the tomb of her husband, bedewed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose, as he lay extended in his coffin. Zadig mounted in a moment, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the instrument with the other. ‘ Azora,’ said he, ‘ do not so loudly exclaim against the widow Cosron; the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning a rivulet.’

C H A P. III.

The Dog and the Horse.

ZADIG found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zind, is the moon of honey; but that the second is the moon of wormwood. In short, he was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too hard to be pleased, and seek for happiness in the study of nature. ‘ None,’ said he, ‘ can enjoy greater felicity than the philosopher, who judiciously peruses that spacious book which God has placed before his eyes. The truths he discovers become useful to himself: he nourishes and exalts his soul; lives in tranquillity; fears nothing from men; and has no tender spouse to cut off his nose.’

Filled with these ideas, he retired to a house in the country, that stood on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not there employ himself in calculating how many drops of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge; or if there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouse, more than in the month of the Sheep. He formed no projects for making silk gloves and stockings with the webs of spiders, nor china-ware out of broken glass bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of animals and plants; and was very soon, by his strict and repeated enquiries, enabled to discover a thousand variations in visible objects, that others, less curious, imagined all alike.

As he was one day walking by the side of a thicket, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs approaching towards him, followed by many officers, who appeared under the greatest perplexity, running here and there like persons almost distracted, and seeking with impatience something extremely precious. 'Young man,' said the first eunuch, 'have you seen the queen's dog?' Zadig coolly replied, 'You mean, I presume, her bitch?'—'You are in the right, sir!' returned the eunuch; 'it is a spaniel-bitch, indeed!'—'And very small,' said Zadig. 'She has lately whelped, she limps on the left-foot before, and has very long ears.'—'You have then seen her?' said the eunuch, quite out of breath. 'No,' answered Zadig, 'I have never seen her; nor do I know, but by you, that the queen had such a bitch.'

Just at this time, by one of the ordinary caprices of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stables had escaped from the groom, and got upon the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the inferior officers, ran after him with as much concern as the first eunuch after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked, if he had not seen the king's horse run by. 'No horse,' replied Zadig, 'is a better runner; he is five feet high; his hoofs are very small; his tail is about three feet and a half long; the studs of his bit are of pure gold, about twenty-three carats; and his shoes are silver.'—'Which way did he run? where is he?' demanded the huntsman. 'I have never seen him,' replied Zadig; 'nor did I till now ever hear that the king had such a horse.'

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch, not doubting but that Zadig had stole the king's horse and the queen's bitch, immediately caused him to be conducted before the grand detharham, who condemned him to the knout, and to be confined for life in some lonely and remote part of Siberia. Scarce was the sentence passed, when the horse and bitch were found. The

judges were then under the disagreeable necessity of reversing their decision; but they condemned him to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to deposit in court: after which he was allowed to plead his cause before the council of the grand desterham; when he spoke in these terms—

‘ Ye bright stars of justice, profound abysses of sciences, mirrors of truth! who have in you the weight of lead, the inflexibility of steel, the lustre of the diamond, and the resemblance of the purest gold! since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear by Orosnades, that I have never seen the queen’s illustrious dog, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. I will, however, be ingenuous enough to declare the truth, and nothing but the truth. As I was walking by the side of the thicket, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious huntsman, I saw on the sand the traces of an animal, and easily judged they were those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on small eminences of sand, between the marks of the paws, made me know that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that she had therefore lately whelped. As I observed, likewise, other traces of a different kind, which seemed to have grazed the surface of the sand, on the sides of the marks of the fore feet, I easily judged that she had very long ears. And as I remarked, that there was a fainter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the three others, I concluded that the bitch of our august queen was, if I may be permitted so to say, a little lame.

‘ With respect to the horse of the king of kings, give me leave to inform you, that as I was walking down the lane by the thicket-side, I took particular notice of the prints made upon the sand by a horse’s shoes, and found they were all at equal distances;

‘ from which observation, I concluded the horse galloped well. The dust on the trees, in a straight road, seven feet wide, was brushed off a little both on the right and the left, at three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which, by it’s being whisked to the right and the left, swept away the dust. Again, I perceived under the trees, which formed a kind of arbour five feet high, that the leaves were newly fallen, and was sensible the horse must have shook them off; I therefore judged him to be somewhat more than five feet high. As to the bits of his bridle, I knew they must be of gold of twenty-three carats, for he rubbed the studs against a certain stone which I knew to be a touch-stone, and which I have tried. To conclude, I have judged, by the marks which his shoes left on flints of a different kind, that he was shod with silver.’

All the judges were astonished at the profound and subtle discernment of Zadig. The news reached even the king and queen. Nothing was spoke of but Zadig, in the anti-chambers, in the chambers, and in the cabinet: and though many of the magi were of opinion he ought to be burnt as a forcerer, the king ordered that the four hundred ounces of gold he had been obliged to pay, should be restored to him again. The register and other officers then went to his house with great formality, to carry him his four hundred ounces: they kept back only three hundred, fourscore, and eighteen, for the expences of justice; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how dangerous it sometimes is to appear too wise; and he firmly resolved, in future, to let a watch before the door of his lips.

An opportunity soon offered for the trial of his resolution. A prisoner of state having made his escape, passed under his window. Zadig was examined, but made no answer; however, as it was proved that he had looked at him from his window, he was condemn-

the chariots which approached the door of Zadig; but was still more aggravated by the sound of his praises. He sometimes intruded himself so far as to sit down at Zadig's table without any invitation, and when there he constantly interrupted the mirth of the company, as harpies are said to corrupt all the provisions they touch.

Arimazes one day intended to give an entertainment to a young lady; but instead of accepting it, she went to Sup at Zadig's. Another time, as Zadig and he were conversing together in the palace, a minister of state came up, and invited Zadig to supper, but took no notice of Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This person, who in Babylon was called the Envious Man, resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was usually distinguished by the appellation of the Happy Man. An opportunity of doing mischief is found an hundred times in a day, but that of doing good only once in a year; as says the wise Zoroaster.

Arimazes went one day to see Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he said abundance of fine things, without any other intention than the innocent pleasure of saying them. The conversation turned on a war the king had just happily concluded against the prince of Hircania his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short struggle, bestowed great praises on the king, but was still more lavish in his compliments to the lady; and taking out his pocket-book, instantly wrote four lines, which he gave her to look at. His friends then begged to see them; but modesty, or rather a just degree of self-love, prevented him; for he knew that extempore verses are seldom good, except in the opinion of those in honour of whom they are written. He therefore broke in two the tablet on which he had been writing, and threw both pieces into a thicket of roses, where his friends sought for them in vain. A small rain falling presently after, all the

company, except Arimazes, returned to the house. He, however, continued in the garden, and sought till he found a piece of the tablet. It had been unfortunately torn in such a manner, that each half of a line formed a compleat sense, and even a verse in a very short measure; and by a chance still more strange, the lines were found to contain most injurious reproaches against the king. They ran thus—

By crimes of blackest dye,
He's of the throne possess'd,
To peace and liberty,
The enemy profess'd.

Arimazes was now happy, for the first time in his life; since he had in his hands the means of destroying one who was worthy and virtuous. Filled with a cruel joy, he produced the broken tablet, which contained this virulent satire, before the king; who ordered Zadig to be imprisoned, together with the lady and his two friends. His trial was soon over, without his being suffered to speak for himself. When he came to receive his sentence, the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him aloud, that his verses were of no value. Zadig was but little displeased at being thought a bad poet, but he could not bear the reflection of being condemned for high treason, and considering that a beautiful lady, and two of his friends, were detained in prison for a crime of which they were entirely innocent. He was not permitted to speak, because his writing spoke: such were the laws of Babylon. They obliged him therefore to go to punishment through a crowd of spectators, brought together by their curiosity, none of whom durst appear to pity him: they threw themselves before him to examine his countenance, and to see if he acted with a becoming fortitude. His relations were, indeed, the only real mourners; for they could not inherit his estate. Three

ed to pay five hundred ounces of gold for this crime; and, according to the custom of Babylon, thank the judges for their indulgence. ‘ Good God !’ said he to himself, ‘ what a misfortune is this to walk near a wood through which the queen’s dog and the king’s horse have passed ! how dangerous is it to look out of a window ! and, in a word, how difficult for a man to be truly happy in this life !’

C H A P. IV.

The envious Man.

AS Zadig had met with such a series of misfortunes, he resolved to comfort himself by the study of philosophy, and the conversation of select friends. He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house adorned with much taste, where he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the attention of a good man. In the morning his library was open to the learned ; in the evening, his table was surrounded by good company : but he soon found the danger there is in conversing with the sons of science. There arose a great dispute on one of the laws of Zoroaster, which forbids the eating of griffins. ‘ How should he prohibit our eating a griffin,’ said one of the company, ‘ if this animal has no existence ?’—‘ It must necessarily exist,’ said the others, ‘ since Zoroaster will not allow it to be eaten.’ Zadig strove to make them agree, by saying—‘ If, gentlemen, there are griffins, let us not eat them ; if there are no such things, we cannot eat them ; and thus we shall all obey Zoroaster.’

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, hasted to accuse Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor, the most foolish, and the greatest bigot of all the Chaldeans. This man would have impaled Zadig to do honor to the sun, and when he had done it, would have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satis-

faction. His friend Cador (a friend of more value than a hundred magi) went to old Yebor, and said to him—‘ Long live the sun and the griffins! take care of punishing Zadig, for he is a saint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuser is an heretick, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet and are not unclean.’—‘ Well,’ said Yebor, shaking his bald pate, ‘ we must impale Zadig for having spoken disrespectfully of griffins, and the other for having spoken contemptuously of rabbits.’ Cador, however, put a stop to the affair, by means of a maid of honor, by whom he had a child, and who had great credit in the college of the magi; so that nobody was punished: whereupon many of the doctors murmured, and presaged the ruin of Babylon. Zadig said to himself—‘ On what does happiness depend? I am persecuted by every thing in this world, even on account of beings that have no existence.’ He cursed the sons of learning, and for the future resolved to keep none but good company. He now assembled at his house the most worthy men in Babylon, and ladies of the greatest beauty; he gave them delicate suppers, frequently preceded by concerts of musick, and always animated by the most engaging conversation, in which he carefully avoided the desire of appearing witty; well knowing that to be a sure method of defeating it’s own end, as well as of spoiling the most agreeable company. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of his provisions, were the result of pride or ostentation. He delighted in appearing what he was, and not in seeming what he was not; by which means he obtained a far more respectable character than that which he actually aimed at.

Opposite to his house dwelt Arimazes, a person puffed up with pride; who having never been able to obtain so much success in life as he wished for, sought to revenge himself by railing against all mankind. Although he was rich, he found it difficult to procure flatterers. He was greatly provoked at the rattling of

parts of his substance were confiscated to the king's use, and the other was given to Arimazes.

Just as Zadig was preparing himself for death, the king's parrot flew from her cage, and alighted on a rose bush in the garden of Zadig. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and was fallen on a piece of the tablet, to which it stuck; when the bird carried it away, and alighted on the monarch's knee. The king, seized with curiosity, read the words on the broken tablet, which formed not any meaning, but appeared to be the endings of a verse. He was a great admirer of poetry; and there is always some relief to be expected, when a prince is a friend to the muses: the adventure of his parrot made him thoughtful. The queen, who perfectly well remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, ordered that part to be brought. They examined the two pieces together, which perfectly fitted each other; and then read the verse as Zadig had wrote it—

By crimes of blackest dye, I've seen the earth made hell;
He's of the throne possess'd, who all their pow'r can quell.
To peace and liberty, love's now the only foe,
The enemy profess'd of mortals here below.

Upon this the king ordered Zadig to be instantly brought before him, and his two friends and the lady to be immediately released from their confinement. Zadig prostrated himself with his face to the earth before the king and queen, and most humbly begged pardon for having made an ill verse. He spoke, indeed, with such a becoming grace, and with so much modesty and good sense, that the king and queen desired to see him again; when they gave him all the wealth of Arimazes, by whom he had been so unjustly accused: but Zadig generously restored him back the whole of his fortune. Arimazes, however, felt no other sensation, than the pleasure which arose from his not having lost his substance. The king's esteem for

Zadig increased from day to day; he made him share in all his pleasures, and consulted him in all his affairs. The queen from that time shewed him so much respect, and spoke to him in such soft and endearing terms, that it seemed to threaten much danger to herself, her royal consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom. Zadig now began to believe, that the attainment of happiness was not so difficult as he has formerly imagined.

C H A P. V.

The Force of Generosity.

THE time now arrived for celebrating a great feast, held once in five years. It was a custom in Babylon, solemnly to declare, at the end of this period, which of the citizens had done the most generous action.

The grandees and magi always sat as judges on this occasion; and the first satrape, who had the care of the city, made known the most noble actions that had passed under his government. They proceeded by votes, and the king himself pronounced the judgment. Persons of all ranks and degrees came to this solemnity from the most remote parts of the kingdom. The successful person received from the hands of the monarch a gold cup, adorned with precious stones; and the king said these words—‘Receive this reward of your generosity; and may the gods grant me many thousands of such valuable subjects!’

On this memorable day, when the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by his grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the surrounding nations who came to these games, where glory was acquired, not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength and activity of body, but by virtue; the principal satrape reported, with a loud voice, such noble acts as might seem to entitle their authors to this inestimable reward: but never mentioned the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored to the envious man the possession of

his fortune; this was not an action that deserved to dispute the prize.

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause, by a mistake for which he was no way responsible, had made restitution out of his own private fortune.

He next produced a young man, who being desperately in love with a damsel he was going to marry, yielded her up to his friend; whose passion for her had almost brought him to his grave; and, on parting with the damsel, gave also a portion with her.

He afterwards produced a soldier, who in the wars of Hircania had furnished a still greater example of generosity. The enemy had taken from him his mistress; but while he was fighting in his defence, he was informed that other Hircanians, at some paces distant, were carrying away his mother: he then quit-
ted his mistress with tears, and ran to deliver his parent. At length he returned to her he loved, and found her just expiring: upon which he resolved to die with her, and was about to plunge a dagger in his own breast; but his mother remonstrating, that she had no other support nor protection but him, he had the courage to resolve to live.

The judges seemed disposed to declare in favour of the soldier, when the king spoke thus—‘ This action, and those of the others, are truly great; but they do not fill me with surprize. Zadig yesterday performed one that has raised my astonishment. I had for some days disgraced Coreb, my prime minister and favourite. I complained of his conduct in violent and bitter terms; when all my courtiers assured me that I was too mild, and loaded him with the most reproachful invectives. I asked Zadig his opinion of Coreb, and he dared to give him the noblest of characters. I must own, that I have seen in our histories, examples of persons who have paid their own fortunes to atone for an error; of those who resigned a mistress; and who have preferred a mother

‘to a woman tenderly beloved; but never had I read
 ‘of a courtier who has spoken favourably of a fallen
 ‘minister, the object of his sovereign’s anger. I give
 ‘to each of those, whose generous actions have been
 ‘just recited, twenty thousand pieces of gold, but the
 ‘cup I give to Zadig.’

‘O king!’ said Zadig, ‘it is your majesty alone
 ‘who deserves the cup; you alone have acted in the
 ‘most noble and uncommon manner; since you, who
 ‘are so great a king, was not offended at your slave,
 ‘when he opposed your passion.’ The whole assembly
 gazed with admiration both on the king, and Zadig.
 The judge who had generously atoned his error, the
 lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend, the
 soldier who had preferred the safety of his mother to
 that of his mistress, received the monarch’s presents,
 and saw their names written in the book of generous
 actions: Zadig had the cup; and the king acquired
 the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long
 enjoy. This day was celebrated by feasts which con-
 tinued longer than the law prescribed; tragedies were
 represented that made the audience burst into tears, and
 comedies that excited laughter, both of which were
 very unusual in Babylon; and the memory thereof is
 still preserved in Asia. ‘Now,’ said Zadig, ‘I am
 ‘at length completely happy.’ He was, however,
 most egregiously mistaken.

C H A P. VI.

The just Judge.

NOTWITHSTANDING Zadig’s youth, he was established
 supreme judge of all the tribunals throughout
 the empire. He discharged this office, as a man whom
 God had endued with the strictest justice, and the most
 solid wisdom. It was from him the surrounding na-
 tions received this grand principle, that it is much
 better to run the hazard of a spring the guilty, than
 be liable to condemn the innocent; and it was his firm

opinion, that the laws were intended to honour those who did well, as much as to be a terror to the wicked. His principal talent consisted in discovering truth, which most men seek to obscure. On the first day of his administration he exerted this peculiar talent. A rich merchant of Babylon died in the Indies, who had made his two sons joint heirs, as soon as they should dispose of their sister in marriage; and moreover, left a legacy of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be proved to have loved him best. The eldest erected a superb monument to his memory; the second increased his sister's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Upon which every body said, that the eldest best loved his father, and the youngest his sister; and that, therefore, the thirty thousand pieces ought to be given the eldest.

The cause came before Zadig, who examined them apart. To the eldest he said—'Your father is not yet dead; he is cured of his illness, and is on his return to Babylon.'—'God be praised!' replied the young man; 'but his tomb cost me a considerable sum!' Zadig afterwards said the same to the youngest; who immediately replied—'God be praised! I will go and restore to my father all I have; but I hope he will not insist upon what I have given my sister.'—'You shall restore nothing,' said Zadig; 'and shall have the thirty thousand pieces: you are the man who best loves his father.'

A young lady, who was very rich, had promised herself in marriage to two magi; and, after having for some months received instructions from both, discovered herself to be with child. Each of them was desirous of marrying her. 'I will take him for my husband,' said she, 'who has put me in a condition to give a citizen to my country.'—'It is I, Madam, who have answered that valuable end,' said the one: 'It is I who have had this advantage,' said the other. 'Well,' replied she, 'I will acknowledge for the infant's father him who can give it the best education.'

In a short time after, she was delivered of a son. Each of them insisted on being it's tutor; and the cause was brought before Zadig. When the magi came before him, he said to the first—'What will you teach your pupil?'—'I will teach him,' replied the doctor, 'the eight parts of speech, logick, astrology, and magic; what is meant by substance and accident, the abstract and the concrete, &c. &c.' When the second was asked the same question—'I will do my utmost,' said he, 'to make him an honest man, and to render him worthy of having many friends.' Upon this, Zadig cried—'Whether you are the father or not, you shall marry the mother.'

Complaints every day reached court against the itimadoulet of Media, whose name was Irax. He was a person of great rank and fortune, and naturally possessed a good disposition; but had corrupted his mind, and squandered away great part of his estate, in the constant pursuit of vain and expensive pleasures. He seldom permitted an inferior to speak to him; and no person whatever dared to oppose his will. He was as vain as the peacock, as voluptuous as the pigeon, and as sluggish and inactive as the tortoise. In short, he made false glory, and false pleasures, his own pursuits.

Zadig undertook his cure: he accordingly sent him, in the king's name, a master of musick, with twelve singers, and twenty-four musicians; and a steward of the house, with six cooks and four chamberlains, who were never to quit his presence. The king's order was, that the following particulars should be inviolably observed; and thus the business proceeded—

The first morning, as soon as the voluptuous Irax awaked, the musick-master entered, followed by the vocal and instrumental musicians, who performed a cantata that lasted two hours and three minutes; in which the following lines were every three minutes repeated—

In vain our feeble pow'rs we raise,
 To sing thy valour, wisdom, worth;
 Far, far beyond all human praise,
 Thy virtues soar, most blest on earth.

When the cantata was ended, a chamberlain made an oration three quarters of an hour long, in which he particularly praised him for all the good qualities he wanted. The speech being ended, they conducted him to table by the sound of instruments. The dinner lasted three hours, before he condescended to speak: as soon as he opened his mouth for that purpose, the first chamberlain said he was in the right; scarce had he pronounced four words, when the second chamberlain cried—‘Sir, you are perfectly right!’ The other two chamberlains employed themselves in laughing heartily at every smart thing Irax had said, or seemed willing to say, and were lavish in their praises of his wit. After dinner, the adulating chorus was repeated.

The first day Irax was in raptures, and he thought the king of kings paid a proper attention to his merit; the second seemed less agreeable; the third was somewhat troublesome; the fourth insupportable; and the fifth tormenting. In short, disturbed at hearing them always singing—‘In vain our feeble pow'rs we raise,’ with hearing them continually say he was in the right, and at being harangued every day at the same hour, he wrote to court to beseech the king to recal his chamberlains, his musicians, his stewards of the household, and his cooks; and promised, in the most submissive manner, to be less vain, and apply himself more closely to business. From this time he grew less fond of adulation, and had fewer feasts, though he was yet more happy; for, as it is said by Sadder—‘Always pleasure, is no pleasure.’

Scarce a day passed wherein Zadig did not exhibit some fresh proof of his amazing penetration, and ex-

treme goodness of heart ; he was adored by the people, and beloved by the king : even the first misfortunes of his life served to augment his present felicity. Every night, however, he had a dream which filled him with uneasiness. He imagined that he laid himself down on a heap of dry herbs, among which there were prickly ones that greatly incommoded him ; and that afterwards he reposed himself in the softest manner on a bed of roses, from whence there proceeded a serpent, which wounded him to the heart with it's sharp and envenomed tooth. ‘ Alas ! ’ said he, ‘ I have long laid on these dry and prickly herbs ; I am now on the bed of roses ; but what shall be the serpent ? ’

C H A P. VII.

The Force of Jealousy.

THE misfortunes of Zadig proceeded in a great measure from his preferment, but more particularly from his merit. He every day conversed with the king and his august consort ; and the charms of his conversation were redoubled by that desire of pleasing which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. The youth and graceful deportment of Zadig had a much greater influence on Astarte than she readily perceived ; and her bosom continually nourished an affection of which she was by no means conscious. She freely, and without scruple, indulged the pleasure of seeing and conversing with a man who was not only dear to her husband, but to the whole empire. She was continually speaking in his praise to the king ; and he was the whole subject of her conversation among her women, whose eulogiums of him even exceeded her own. In short, every thing served to sink into the heart of Astarte the arrow which to her was imperceptible. She made presents to Zadig, in which there was more of gallantry than she imagined ; she thought only of speaking to him like a queen pleased with his

services, but her expressions did not unfrequently resemble those of a woman in love.

Astarte was far more beautiful than Semira, who had such a hatred for one-eyed men; or his late affectionate spouse, who had been willing to cut off his nose. The pleasing familiarity of Astarte; her tender expressions, which sometimes crimsoned her cheeks; and the delicate glances of her eyes, which in spite of herself were continually fixed upon his; all conspired to light up a fire in the heart of Zadig, at which he was himself amazed. He endeavoured to extinguish it, by calling to his assistance that philosophy which had hitherto been his support; but drew nothing from this source but empty knowledge, without any real consolation.

Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind as avenging deities; he struggled bravely with his passions, and at length gained the victory; this conquest, however, which he was obliged every moment to re-obtain, cost him many sighs and tears. He now durst not speak to the queen with that delightful freedom which had hitherto proved but too agreeable to them both: his eyes were veiled with a mist; his discourse was unconnected, and had the appearance of constraint; he endeavoured to look another way, that he might not behold the queen; and when, contrary to his wishes, his eyes met those of Astarte, he found that her's, though bathed in tears, were capable of darting forth arrows of flame: they seemed, in short, silently to intimate, that they were afraid of being in love with each other, and that both burned with a fire which both condemned.

Zadig left her presence with a mind unsettled and dismayed; and his heart was oppressed with a burden too great for him to bear. Amidst the violence of his agitations he disclosed to Cadour the secrets of his heart; just as a man who, having long supported the fits of a violent disease, makes his anguish known by a

cry which it's redoubled sharpness forces from him, and by the cold sweats which hang on his brow.

‘ I have already discovered,’ said Cador, ‘ the sensations you would fain have concealed from yourself; the passions shew themselves by signs which will not suffer us to be mistaken. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read your heart, whether the king will not discover a sensation so offensive to him. He has no other fault than that of being the most jealous of mankind. You will resist your passion with greater strength than the queen will combat her's, not only because you are a philosopher, but because you are Zadig. Astarte is a woman; and suffers her looks to speak with the more imprudence, as she does not believe herself to be yet guilty. Conscious of the innocence of her heart, she is by much too unguarded. I tremble for her, because she hath nothing with which to reproach herself. Were you both agreed, you might deceive the whole world: a rising passion, which is smothered, breaks out into a flame; but love, when once gratified, knows how to conceal itself with art.’ Zadig shuddered at the proposal of violating the bed of his royal benefactor; nor was there ever a more faithful subject, though guilty of this involuntary crime. The queen, however, so often pronounced the name of Zadig, with her face covered with blushes; she was sometimes so animated, at others so much depressed, when she spoke of him in the presence of her husband, and was seized with so deep a thoughtfulness when he was absent, that the king became extremely uneasy. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He more particularly remarked, that the queen's sandals were blue, and that those of Zadig were of the same colour; that her ribbands were yellow, and that Zadig's turban was also yellow. These were terrible prognosticks for a prince of his delicacy to reflect on. In a mind so dis-tempered as his, suspicions became as facts.

The slaves of kings and queens are so many spies

over their hearts. It was soon discovered by them, that Astarte was tender, and Moabdar jealous. Arimazes had not corrected his envious disposition; for flints never soften, and venomous animals always preserve their poison. This wretch sent an anonymous letter to Moabdar: the infamous recourse of a sordid mind, and which is always the object of contempt; but at this time it had the intended effect, because it seconded the fatal sentiments that possessed the prince's heart. In short he no longer thought of any thing besides the manner of his revenge. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and to make Zadig die by the bow-string; his revenge was to be executed at break of day, and the order was given to a merciless eunuch, the ready executioner of his vengeance. There was, at this time, a little dwarf in the king's chamber, who was dumb, but not deaf. He was suffered to go where he pleased; and was a witness of whatever passed in secret, without being more suspected than any domestick animal. This little dwarf had an extraordinary affection both for the queen and Zadig. He heard, with equal horror and surprize, the orders given for their death; but how to prevent those orders from being put in execution, as the time was so short, was his principal concern. It is true he could not write; but then he had learned to draw, and knew how to form a resemblance. Accordingly, he spent part of the night in delineating on a piece of paper what he wished to inform the queen. His design represented the king agitated with fury, who stood in a corner of the picture, giving orders to his eunuch; a bow-string and a cup were placed on a table; and in the midst of the picture was the queen expiring in the arms of her women, and Zadig strangled at her feet. In the horizon he represented a rising sun, to shew that this horrible execution was to be performed by break of day. As soon as he had finished this piece, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awaked her, and made her understand that she was that very instant to carry it to the queen,

In the middle of the night there was a knocking at Zadig's door; he was awaked, and a note presented him from the queen; he doubted whether he was not in a dream, and opened the letter with a trembling hand: but what was his surprize, and who can express his consternation and despair, when he read these words — ‘Fly, dear Zadig, at this very instant, in which they are going to take away your life! Fly, I conjure you, in the name of that fatal passion with which I have long struggled and which I at last confess, when on the point of expiating it by my death. Although I am not conscious of having committed any crime, I find that I am doomed to suffer as a traitor.’

Zadig had scarce power to speak. He ordered his friend Cador to be called, and gave him the paper without uttering a word. Cador pressed him to obey the contents, and immediately take the road to Memphis. ‘If you should dare go in search of the queen,’ said he, ‘you will hasten her death; if you should speak to the king, you will infallibly ruin her. I will myself endeavour to avert the stroke which threatens her; it will be sufficient for you to provide for your own safety. It shall be instantly spread abroad, that you are gone to the Indies; and as soon as the pursuit of you shall be given up, I will follow after, and inform you of every occurrence.’

Cador immediately ordered two of the swiftest dromedaries to be ready at one of the private doors of the palace, and made Zadig mount that which was to carry him, though he was scarce able to sit up. He had but one trusty servant to attend him; and Cador, overwhelmed with grief, in a few moments lost sight of his friend.

This illustrious fugitive, having reached the summit of a hill from whence he might take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and immediately fainted away: when he recovered his senses, his cheeks were bathed with tears, and he eagerly wished for death. At length, having employed his

thoughts in contemplating the deplorable fate of the most amiable woman and greatest queen upon earth, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and exclaimed — ‘What, then, is human life! O virtue, virtue! what hast thou availed me! I have been basely betrayed by two females: yet a third, who is innocent, and ten thousand times more lovely, is on the point of being murdered for her partiality to me. Whatever good I have done, has been to me a constant source of disappointment and misery: I have been only raised to the height of grandeur, that my fall might be the greater down the horrible precipice of misfortune. Had I been as wicked and abandoned as others, I should, like them, have been happy!’ With a mind agitated by these fatal reflections, his eyes covered with the veil of grief, the paleness of death on his countenance, and his soul plunged in the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

CHAP. VIII.

The Wife beaten.

ZADIG directed his course by the stars. The constellation Orion, and the shining Dog-star, guided him towards the pole of Canopæa. He reflected with admiration on those vast globes of light which appear to our eyes no more than faint sparks; while the earth, which in reality is but an imperceptible point in nature, seems to our fond imaginations far more great and noble. He then reflected on the whole race of mankind, and considered them, truly, as insects that devour each other on an atom of earth. This idea seemed greatly to alleviate his misfortunes, by making him retrace the nothingness of his own being, and even that of Babylon. His capacious soul now soared into infinity, and contemplated, while detached from her earthly partner, the immutable order of the universe. But the moment he returned to himself, and again searched into his own heart, he began to consider that

Astarte might possibly have died for him: the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing throughout all nature but Astarte dying, and Zadig unfortunate. As he gave himself up to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy and distressing sorrow, he insensibly arrived on the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful attendant was already in the first hamlet, seeking a lodging. Zadig, in the mean time, approached the surrounding gardens, when he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman in tears, calling heaven and earth to her assistance, and a man in a violent rage pursuing after her. He now came up with her, and she fell prostrate before him, imploring his forgiveness; but he gave her only blows and reproaches. By the violence of the Egyptian, and the reiterated entreaties for pardon uttered by the lady, Zadig judged that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he beheld the exquisite beauty of the woman, and considered that she bore some little resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself filled with compassion for her and horror for the Egyptian. ‘For Heaven’s sake, Sir, assist me!’ cried she to Zadig, with the deepest sighs; ‘deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man living! Save me; save my life!’ At these words Zadig ran to throw himself between the lady and this barbarian; and as he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, said to him, in that tongue—‘Dear Sir, if you have any humanity, let me beg you to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness: how can you be so enraged at the masterpiece of nature, who lies at your feet, and has no defence but her tears?’—‘Ah, ha?’ cried the jealous man, ‘you are, I suppose, one of her admirers, and I will be revenged on you this moment.’ So saying, he left the lady, whom he had before held by the hair; and, taking his lance, attempted to wound the stranger. Zadig, however, who was in cool blood, easily avoided the blow aimed by the enraged Egyptian, and seized the lance near the point. One strove to draw it back, the

other to wrest it from him ; and, in the scuffle, it broke in their hands. The Egyptian then drew his sabre ; and Zadig arming himself with his, they attacked each other. This gave a hundred precipitate blows ; that warded them off with address. Meanwhile the lady sat on the ground, adjusting her head-dress, and looking at the combatants. The Egyptian was more robust than his adversary, but Zadig was the most expert. This acted like a person whose arm was conducted by his judgment ; that like a man whose passion made him fight at random. In short, Zadig soon closed, and disarmed him ; and while the Egyptian became more furious, and attempted to throw himself upon him, he laid fast hold of him, pressed him close, threw him down, and holding his sword to his breast, offered him his life. The Egyptian, fired with rage, drew his poignard, and wounded the conqueror at the very instant he granted him his pardon ; upon which, Zadig instantly plunged his sabre into his bosom, and the Egyptian, with an horrible cry, gave up the ghost. Zadig then advanced towards the lady, and said, with a submissive voice—
‘ He has forced me to kill him ; I have revenged your
‘ cause ; and you are now delivered from the most fu-
‘ rious man I have ever seen : what more would you
‘ have me do for you ? ’—‘ Die, villain ! ’ she replied ;
‘ I would have you die : you have killed my lover,
‘ and I wish I was able to tear out your cruel heart ! ’—
‘ You had, indeed, a strange kind of lover ! ’ replied Za-
dig : ‘ he beat you with all his strength ; and would
‘ have taken away my life, because you intreated me to
‘ assist you ! ’—‘ I wish he had beat me still,’ replied
the lady, weeping bitterly ; ‘ I well deserved it, for I
‘ had made him jealous. Would to Heaven he was
‘ now beating me, and that you was in his situation ! ’
Zadig, more surprized and angry than he had ever been
in his life, said—‘ Madam, notwithstanding your beauty,
‘ you merit that I should beat you in my turn ; but I
‘ disdain to concern myself farther about you ! ’ Upon
this he remounted his dromedary, and advanced to—

wards the town. Scarce had he began to set forwards, when he turned back at the noise made by four couriers of Babylon, who came riding full speed. One of them seeing the woman, cried—‘It is she herself; she answers the description given us.’ They took no notice of the dead man, but immediately seized the lady; who incessantly cried out to Zadig—‘Help me once more, generous stranger; deliver me from these ruffians: I humbly beg pardon for my late ungrateful behaviour; help me, and I will be your’s for ever!’ Zadig, however, had no inclination to fight in her defence. ‘Apply to some other for assistance,’ replied he; ‘you shall not again make me the dupe of your artifice.’ Indeed, Zadig’s wound bled so fast, that he had himself need of assistance; and the sight of four Babylonians, probably from King Moabdar, gave him much concern. He therefore hastened towards the town; at a loss to conceive why four couriers from Babylon should take this Egyptian woman, but still more puzzled to account for her very strange behaviour.

C H A P. - IX.

Slavery.

THE moment Zadig entered the place, he was surrounded by the people. Every one said—‘This is the man that carried away the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Cletosis.’—God preserve me, said he, from ever carrying away your beautiful Missouf! She is too capricious for me: and as to Cletosis, I have not assassinated him; I have only killed him in my own defence. He endeavoured to take away my life, because I begged him to shew mercy to the lovely Missouf, whom he was cruelly beating. I am a stranger, fled hither for shelter; and there is but little likelihood, that on coming to entreat your protection, I should begin with carrying away a lady, and assassinating her lover.’

The Egyptians, at that time, were just and humane.

The people conducted Zadig to a house in the town; and having dressed his wound, he and his domestick were examined apart, in order to discover the truth. They acquitted Zadig of the crime of wilful murder; but as he had been guilty of taking away the life of a man, though in his own defence, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two dromedaries were immediately sold, for the benefit of the town; they divided amongst the inhabitants the gold he had brought; and his person was exposed to sale in the market place, together with that of his servant. They were bought by an Arabian merchant, named Setoc; and the servant being best adapted for fatigue, was sold at a much higher price than his master; indeed, there was no comparison between them. Zadig was therefore a slave subordinate to his servant; they were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant. Zadig, in the mean time, comforted his companion; exhorted him to patience; and, according to his usual custom, made reflections on human life. ‘I see,’ said he, ‘that the unhappiness of my destiny has an effect on yours. Every thing in which I have had any concern, has hitherto been strangely conducted. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the traces left by the feet of a dog; I have suffered the fear of being impaled on account of a griffin; I have been sent to execution for making verses in praise of the king; I have been on the point of being strangled, because the queen hath spoke to me with mildness; and here I am a slave with you, because a brutish fellow has beat his mistress. Let us, however, be chearful, and not lose our courage; all this, perhaps, will have an end. If it be necessary for the Arabian merchants to have slaves, why should not I be one as well as another, since I am also a man. Probably this merchant will not be void of pity: it is requisite for him to treat his slaves well, if he would reap much advantage from them.’ This was the form of his

words; but his thoughts were wholly employed about the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb; and the way was long and painful. Setoc, while on the road, set more value on the servant than the master, because the first was more expert in loading his camels; and all the little marks of distinction were in his favour. A camel happening to die within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided, and placed on the backs of his slaves. Setoc smiled at seeing them walk stooping forward; and Zadig took the liberty of explaining the cause, by informing him of the laws of the balance. The merchant, astonished at his philosophical discourse, began now to look upon him with a very different eye; and Zadig, finding that he had excited his curiosity, redoubled it, by informing him of many things not foreign to commerce; the specific gravity of metals, and other commodities of various kinds under an equal bulk; the properties of several useful animals, and the means of rendering those that were not so fit for service. In short, he appeared to Setoc as a sage, and was esteemed by him far more valuable than his companion; he accordingly treated him with the utmost kindness, and never had the smallest cause to repent his indulgence.

Setoc being arrived among his own tribe, demanded payment of five hundred ounces of silver, which he had lent to a Jew in the presence of two witnesses; but the witnesses being dead, and the Jew satisfied of the impossibility of proving the debt, he looked on the money to be his own, and thanked God for having enabled him safely to defraud an Arabian. Setoc told his uneasiness to Zadig, who was now his chief confident. 'Where,' said Zadig, 'did you lend the money to this infidel?'—'On a large stone near Mount Oreb,' replied the merchant. 'What is the character of your debtor?' said Zadig. 'That of a notorious villain,' replied Setoc. 'But I ask,' said Zadig,

‘whether he be lively or phlegmatick, cautious or imprudent.’—‘He is the worst pay-master in the world,’ said Setoc, ‘but the most lively and merriest fellow I ever knew.’—‘Well,’ said Zadig, ‘permit me to plead your cause.’ Accordingly Setoc consented; and Zadig having cited the Jew to appear, spoke thus before the Judge—‘Pillar of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver, which he refuses to pay him.’—‘Have you any witnesses to prove the debt?’ said the judge. ‘No,’ repeated Zadig; ‘they are both dead: but there yet remains a large stone on which the money was counted; and if it pleases your excellence to order the stone to be sought for, I doubt not but it will prove a sufficient evidence. The Jew and I will wait here till it arrives, and the expence of bringing it shall be defrayed by my master.’—‘Your request is but reasonable,’ replied the Judge; ‘do as you propose.’ He then proceeded to other business.

When the court was about to break up, the judge addressed Zadig—‘Well,’ said he, ‘is your stone yet come?’ The Jew, sneering, replied—‘Should your excellence wait here till to-morrow, you would not even then see the stone; for it is above six miles distant from hence, and would require fifteen men to remove it.’ ‘I have well said,’ cried Zadig aloud, ‘that the stone would bear witness! Since this man knows where the stone lies, he confesses that the money was counted on it.’ The Jew, thus confounded, was soon constrained to confess the truth; and the judge ordered that he should be fastened to the stone, without meat or drink, till he had restored the money, which was then speedily paid. From that time, the slave Zadig, as well as the stone, were held in great esteem throughout all Arabia.

C H A P. X.

The Funeral Pile.

SETOC, transported with his good success, made Zadig his favourite companion. He valued him as much as the king of Babylon had formerly done; and, luckily for Zadig, the merchant had no wife. He discovered in his master a natural propensity to goodness, and found him to be a worthy and a sensible man; but he was concerned to see a person he so greatly esteemed paying divine adoration to a host of created, though celestial beings, according to the custom in Arabia of worshipping the sun, moon and stars. He sometimes cautiously introduced this important topick; and at length ventured to assert, that they were equally created with things of less lustre, and no more entitled to our adoration than a tree or a rock. ‘But,’ said Setoc, ‘these are eternal beings, from whom we derive every blessing we enjoy; they animate nature; they regulate the seasons; and are, in short, situate at such an infinite distance from us, that we cannot but revere them.’—‘You receive more advantages,’ replied Zadig, ‘from the waters of the Red Sea, which carry your merchandize to the Indies; and may not that be as ancient as the stars? Or if you will worship what is at a distance, you should rather pay your adoration to the land of the Gangarides, which is situate at the extremities of the earth.’—‘No,’ said Setoc, ‘the stars are so surpassingly brilliant, that it is impossible for me not to prefer them.’

In the evening Zadig lighted a great number of candles in the tent in which they were to sup; and as soon as Setoc appeared, threw himself on his knees before the flaming tapers, and thus addressed them,—‘Eternal and ever-shining brightness, be propitious to your votary!’ Having uttered these words, he sat down to table, without regarding Setoc. ‘What are

'you doing?' said Setoc, filled with astonishment. 'I act, Sir, like you,' replied Zadig; 'I adore these candles, and neglect their Master and mine.'

Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apology. The wisdom of his slave entered into his soul; and he no longer burned incense to created beings, but adored the Eternal who made them.

The Arabians had at that time a horrid custom, originally brought from Scythia, and which being established in the Indies by the credit of the Brachmans, threatened to spread it's infection over all the East. When a married man died, and his dearly beloved wife wished to be esteemed a saint, she burned herself publicly on her husband's funeral pile. This was a solemn festival, called the widow's sacrifice; and the tribe in which most women had been thus burnt, was held in the greatest respect. An Arabian of the same tribe as Setoc being dead; his widow, named Almona, who was very devout, made known the day and hour in which she would throw herself into the pile, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonstrated to his master, how contrary this horrible custom was to the welfare of the human race, that young widows should be every day permitted to burn themselves, who were capable of giving children to the state, or of educating those they had already; and he obliged him to acknowledge, that so barbarous a custom ought, if possible, to be totally abolished. 'It is now,' said Setoc, more than a thousand years since widows were in possession of the right of burning themselves; and who can change a law consecrated by time? Is there any thing more respectable than even an ancient error?' 'But reason is still more ancient and respectable,' replied Zadig. 'Do you, sir, communicate these sentiments to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will attend on the widow.'

Accordingly, he waited upon her; and, having insinuated himself into her favour by compliments to her

beauty, he urged what a pity it was that charms like her's should be consumed by fire, only to mingle ashes with a dead husband; and was lavish in his praises of her constancy and heroick fortitude. "You must surely have loved your husband extremely?" said he. "No," replied the lady, "I loved him not at all. He was a brute; he was jealous; and so great a tyrant, that he was quite insupportable: but I have, notwithstanding, firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile."—"There is then, surely, said Zadig, a very delicious pleasure in being burnt alive!"—"Alas!" said the lady, "the thought makes nature shudder; but that is not to be considered. I am a professed devotee; and, should I shew the least reluctance, my reputation would be for ever lost. In short, the whole world would despise me, if I did not burn myself." Zadig having made her confess that she burnt herself merely to please others, and satisfy her vanity, conversed with her a long time, in such a manner, as not only to make her a little in love with life, but even proceeded so far as to inspire her with some degree of partiality for the speaker. "What would you do," said he, "if the vanity of burning yourself should not prevail?"—"Alas!" replied she, "I believe I should wish you to be my husband."

Zadig was too much filled with the idea of Astarte, not to elude this warm declaration. He took his leave; and went instantly to the chiefs, whom he told what had passed, and advised them to make a law, that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no lady has burnt herself in Arabia. To Zadig they were indebted for destroying, in one day, a cruel custom that had lasted so many ages; and he was therefore very justly regarded, by all the ladies in Arabia, as their principal benefactor.

C H A P. XI.

The Supper.

SETOC, who could not long separate himself from Zadig, in whom he discovered so much wisdom, took him to the fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants in the earth usually repaired. Zadig was delighted to see so many men of different countries assembled in the same place. It seemed to him as if the universe was one large family met together at Balzora. On the second day after his arrival, he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtick, and several other foreigners, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian Gulph, had learned sufficient Arabick to make themselves understood. The Egyptian appeared greatly exasperated : ‘ What an abominable place is Balzora ! ’ said he ; ‘ they here refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the ‘ best security in the world ! ’—‘ How is that ? ’ said Setoc ; ‘ on what security have they refused you this ‘ sum ? ’—‘ On the body of my aunt,’ replied the Egyptian. ‘ She was one of the finest women in all ‘ Egypt ; she constantly accompanied me in my journeyes, but unhappily died on the road. I made her one ‘ of the choicest mummies we have amongst us ; and ‘ might, in my own country, have whatever I pleased, ‘ by giving her as a pledge. It is exceedingly strange ‘ that they will not here lend a thousand ounces of gold ‘ on so solid a security ! ’ He was now going to vent his rage on an excellent boiled fowl ; when the Indian taking him by the hand, cried, in a sorrowful manner— ‘ Ah ! what are you going to do ? ’—‘ To eat a wing ‘ of this fowl,’ said the Egyptian, ‘ as part of my ‘ supper ! ’—‘ Consider what you are doing,’ said the Indian : ‘ it is possible that the soul of the deceased ‘ may have passed into the body of that fowl ; and you ‘ would not, surely, expose yourself to the danger of

‘ eating your aunt ! The dressing of fowls is a manifest outrage on nature.’—‘ What do you mean by your nature and your fowls ?’ replied the cholerick Egyptian ; ‘ we worship oxen, and yet eat heartily of beef.’—‘ Worship oxen ! is it possible ?’ cried the Indian. ‘ There is nothing so possible,’ returned the other : ‘ it is an hundred and thirty-five thousand years since we first did so, and nobody amongst us has ever yet found fault with it.’—‘ A hundred and thirty-five thousand years !’ said the Indian : ‘ this account must certainly be exaggerated ; it is but fourscore thousand since India was first inhabited, and we are certainly more ancient than you. Brama prohibited our eating cows before you put them on your altars or your spits.’—‘ Your Brama is a pleasant sort of an animal, to be compared to our Apis,’ said the Egyptian. ‘ What mighty matter has your Brama ever done ?’—‘ Why,’ replied the Braman, ‘ it is he who first taught mankind to read and write, and to him the whole earth is indebted for the noble game of chess.’—‘ You deceive yourself, sir,’ said a Chaldean who stood near him ; ‘ we owe these great benefits to the fish Oannes ; and it is just that we should pay our homage only to him. All the world will tell you that he is a divine being ; that he had a golden tail, with the head of a most beautiful man ; and that, three hours every day, he left the water to preach upon land. Every body knows that he had many children, who were all powerful kings. I have his picture at home, to which, as in duty bound, I pray every evening before I retire to rest, and every morning when I arise. No doubt, people may eat as much beef as they please ; but it is surely a very great impiety to have fish served up at table. Besides, you are both of an origin too ignoble, and too recent, to dispute with me about any thing : the nation of the Egyptians reckon only one hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians boast but of fourscore thousand, while we

‘ have almanacks of four thousand centuries. Believe what I tell you, renounce your follies, and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of our Oannes.’

The Chinese, or man of Cathay, joining in the discourse, said—‘ I greatly respect the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celticks, Brama, Apis, and the beautiful Oannes; but it is possible that Li, or Tien*, as he is commonly called, is superior to all the bulls and fishes in the universe. I will say nothing of my country; though it is as large as the land of Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, together. I shall not dispute about antiquity, because it is sufficient we are happy; but, if it were necessary to speak of almanacks, I should say, that all Asia prefers ours, and that we had very correct ones before arithmetick was known in Chaldea.’

‘ Ignorant mortals!’ cried the Greek, ‘ have ye not yet been informed, that Chaos is the father of all, and that form and matter have put the world in its present state?’ He spoke thus for a long time; but was at length interrupted by the Celtick, who having drank pretty freely during the whole time of this debate, imagined himself more learned than all the others; and cried out, with a great oath, that there were none but Teutath, and the mistletoe of the oak, that were worth the trouble they were giving themselves; that, for his part, he had always mistletoe in his pocket; that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of worth that had ever appeared in the world; and although they had, it was true, sometimes eat their countrymen, yet that was no reason why they ought not to have a great respect for his nation: in short, he declared, that if any one spoke evil of Teutath, he would soon teach him how to behave himself. The quarrel then grew warm, and Setoc began to fear the table would be presently stained with blood. Zadig,

* The Chinese term, *Li*, signifies *natural light*, or *reason*; and *Tien* signifies the *heavens*, or the *Supreme Being*.

who had kept silence during the whole dispute, at last arose. He first addressed himself to the Celtick, as being the most furious; and, telling him he had reason on his side, begged to have some of his mistletoe. He expatiated on the eloquence of the Grecian; and softened, in the most artful manner, all the contending parties. He said, indeed, but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been by far the most reasonable. At length he addressed them, in general terms, to this effect. ‘My dear friends, you have been all this while contesting about an important topick, in which it is evident you are all unanimously agreed!’ At this word, they all cried out together. ‘Is it not true,’ said he to the Celtick, ‘that you do not adore this mistletoe, but him that made the mistletoe and the oak?’—‘Certainly,’ replied the Celtick. ‘And you, the Egyptian, probably revere, in a certain ox, him who has given us all horned cattle?’—‘Yes,’ said the Egyptian. ‘The fish Oannes,’ continued he, ‘ought to yield to him who made both the sea and the fishes.’—‘Agreed,’ said the Chaldean. ‘The Indian and Cathaian,’ added he, ‘acknowledge, like all the rest, a first principle. I have not, it is true, perfectly understood the admirable things which have been delivered by the Greek; but I am fully persuaded he also will acknowledge a Superior Being, on whom form and matter entirely depend.’ The Greek, whose wisdom they all admired, confessed that Zadig had exactly penetrated his thoughts. ‘You are then all of one mind,’ replied Zadig; ‘and there is no room for dispute.’ They then all embraced him; and Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned home with Zadig. On their arrival at Oreb, they presently found that a prosecution had been carried on against Zadig in his absence, and that he was condemned to be burnt before a slow fire.

C H A P. XII.

The Rendez-vous.

WHILE Zadig attended his friend Setoc to Balzora, the priests of the stars determined to punish him. As all the costly jewels, and other valuable ornaments, of every young widow whom they sent to the funeral pile, became their property, it is not greatly to be wondered at, that they should be inclined to burn so great an enemy to their interests. They accordingly accused him of having erroneous sentiments with respect to the heavenly host: they made oath he had been heard to say the stars did not set in the sea. This frightful blasphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their vestments when they heard these impious words; and would doubtless have done it, if Zadig had had sufficient to pay them for new ones: but, in the excess of their grief, they were willing to content themselves with condemning him to be roasted alive before a slow fire. Setoc, reduced to despair, employed all his interest to save his friend; he was, however, soon obliged to be silent. The young widow Almona, who had conceived a great fondness for life, for which she was indebted to Zadig, resolved, if possible, to draw him from the funeral pile, which he had convinced her was greatly abused. She revolved her design in secret, without speaking to any one. Zadig was to be executed the next day, and she had only the night in which she could save him. Let us now behold the method pursued by this discreet and benevolent widow.

She made use of the most costly perfumes, and heightened the power of her charms by the richest and gayest apparel: she then went to demand a secret audience of the chief priest of the stars. On being admitted into his august and venerable presence, she addressed herself to him in these terms---‘Eldest son of the Great Bear, ‘brother to the Bull, cousin to the Great Dog,’ [these were

the titles of the pontiff] ‘ I come to acquaint you with my scruples. My conscience tells me I have committed an enormous crime, in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband. What, in fact, had I worth sparing? Perishable flesh only, already wrinkled and dried up.’ She then drew off, with a negligent but artful air, her long silk gloves, and displayed her naked arms, which were of an admirable form, and rivalled the snow in whiteness. ‘ You see,’ said she, ‘ that these are little worth.’ The pontiff found that his heart told him they were worth a great deal; his eyes said so; and his mouth confirmed it, by the most solemn protestations that he had never before seen such lovely arms. ‘ Alas!’ said the widow, ‘ my arms may not be quite so bad as the rest; but you will confess that my neck was not worthy of the least regard.’ She then discovered the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. A rose bud on an apple of ivory, when compared to her breast, would have appeared like madder on the wood of the box-tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed but a dusky yellow. Her delicate neck; her full black eyes, which languished with the soft lustre of a tender fire; her cheeks, which were animated with the most lovely purple, blended with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which somewhat resembled the tower on Mount Lebanon; her lips, that were as two borders of coral enclosing the most beautiful pearls in the Arabian sea; in short, the pleasing combination of charms which appeared before him, made the old priest fancy himself not more than twenty; and, with a trembling voice, he began to utter a tender declaration of his passion. Almona, seeing him enflamed, begged he would pardon Zadig. ‘ Alas! lovely fair one!’ said he, ‘ though I should grant you his pardon, my indulgence would be of little avail: it is necessary that it should be signed by three others, my brethren.’—‘ Sign it first, however,’ replied Almona, ‘ I will do it freely,’ said

the priest, 'on condition that your favours be the price of my readiness to serve you.'—'You load me with honour,' said Almona; 'but, if you will be pleased to come to my chamber after sun-set, and as soon as the bright star Sheat twinkles in the horizon, you will find me on a rose-coloured sofa, embroidered with silver, and you may there use your pleasure with your servant.' She then departed with Zadig's general pardon, which the pontiff had signed, and left him full of love, though not without distrust of his abilities. The remainder of the day he spent in bathing; he drank enlivening draughts of a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with great impatience the rising of the brilliant Sheat.

The lovely Almona, in the mean time, went to the second. He assured her, that the sun, the moon, and all the fires in the firmament, were but as insignificant meteors in comparison of her charms. She demanded the same favour of him, and he proposed to grant it at the same price. Almona suffered herself to be overcome, and appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she passed to the third, and to the fourth priest; still obtaining a signature from each, and making the assignations from star to star.

She then sent for the judges to come to her house on an affair of the greatest importance. They waited on her accordingly, and she laid before them the pardon of Zadig, signed with the names of the four priests, informing them of the conditions upon which it had been obtained. The priests, in the mean time, punctually kept their appointment, and each was greatly surprized at finding his brethren; but still more, at seeing there the judges, before whom his shame was manifest. By this stratagem Zadig was saved; and Setoc was so charmed at the dexterity of Almona, that he shortly after made her his wife.

Zadig now departed, having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer: and Setoc and he separated from each other with tears, vowing a mutual and eternal friendship; and promising, that the first of the two who should raise a splendid fortune, should share it with the other.

Zadig travelled by the side of Assyria, constantly thinking on the unhappy Astarte, and reflecting on the fates, which seemed obstinately bent on sporting with him, and making him the subject of new persecutions. ‘What,’ said he, ‘four hundred ounces of gold for not having seen a dog! condemned to lose my life for four lines of bad poetry in praise of the king! ready to be strangled because the queen looked kindly upon me! reduced to slavery for having relieved a woman who was beat! and on the point of being consumed to ashes, for having saved the lives of all the young widows in Arabia.’

C H A P. XIII.

The Robber.

WHEN Zadig arrived on the frontiers which separate Arabia Petrea from Assyria, as he passed near a pretty strong castle, a party of armed Arabians sallied out; and immediately surrounding him, cried—‘Whatever property you have belongs to us, and your persons are at the disposal of our master.’ Zadig answered by drawing his sword; and his servant, who was a man of great courage, did the same. They presently overthrew those who had first attacked them; and though the numbers of their opponents redoubled, they seemed not at all dismayed, but resolved to die fighting. Two men fought against a multitude; and such a combat could not be of long continuance. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having beheld from a window the intrepid behaviour of Zadig, felt his mind filled with esteem: he descended in haste, and came himself to call

off his men, and to deliver the two travellers. 'What-
' ever passes over my territories,' said he, 'becomes
' my property, as well as what I find in the possession
' of others; but your bravery, sir, shall exempt you
' from this consequence.' He then made him enter
into his castle; ordered his domesticks to treat him
with the greatest respect; and in the evening they sup-
ped together.

Although Arbogad was an Arabian robber, yet,
amidst a multitude of bad actions, he sometimes per-
formed such as were worthy of the highest praise. He
plundered mankind, it is true, with a furious rapacity,
but he also behaved with great liberality. He was
intrepid in action; easy in his dealings; a debauchee
at his table, but gay even in his debauchery; and had,
above all, a free and open frankness. He was much
pleased with Zadig, the gaiety of whose conversation
prolonged their repast. At length Arbogad said to
him—'I advise you to enroll yourself under me; it is
' impossible for you to do better. My occupation is
' not a bad one, and you may one day become what I
' am at present.'—'I could wish to know,' replied
Zadig, 'how long you have exercised this noble pro-
' fession?'—'From my most tender youth,' returned
this great man: 'I was at first only servant to an
' Arabian; who, indeed, treated me kindly enough.
' But any state of servitude was to me insupportable:
' I was unhappy in considering that Fate had given
' me no portion in a world to which all mankind have
' an equal claim. I imparted my uneasiness to an old
' sage Arabian, and he thus endeavoured to comfort
' me—"My son," said he, "do not despair: there
' was formerly a grain of sand which lamented its
' being an atom unknown in the deserts; but at the
' end of some years it became a diamond, and is at
' present the richest and most admired ornament of
' the Indian crown.'" 'This discourse made a very
' strong impression upon me: I considered myself as
' the grain of sand, and determined, if possible, to be-

‘ come the diamond. Accordingly, I began by stealing two horses; associated to myself companions, and put myself in a condition to rob small caravans; and thus, by degrees, I soon lessened the disproportion there appeared between me and other people. I not only enjoyed my share of the good things of this life, but was even recompensed with usury for my former sufferings. I now grew much respected, and became the captain of a band of robbers. This castle was gained by violence: the satrape of Assyria, however, resolved to dispossess me; but I was too rich to have any thing to fear; for, by giving him money, I not only preserved this castle, but increased my possessions. He even made me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petrea pays to the king of kings; and I punctually execute my office of collector, but shall not very speedily discharge that of paymaster.

‘ The great desterham of Babylon sent hither, in the name of King Moabdar, an insignificant satrape, with a commission to strangle me. This person arrived with his royal master’s warrant. I was apprized of the whole affair, and ordered his entire retinue, consisting of four inferior officers, to be strangled before his face, after the same manner as was intended for me. I then desired to know what he was to have obtained by my death. He replied, that his fees would have amounted to about three hundred pieces of gold. I laid before him the advantage he would gain by staying with me; constituted him an inferior robber; and he is now one of the best and richest officers. Believe me, your success will be as great as his. There never was a better season for robbery than at present, for Moabdar is lately killed, and all Babylon is in the greatest confusion.’—
 ‘ Moabdar killed!’ exclaimed Zadig; ‘ then what is become of Queen Astarte?’—‘ I cannot inform you,’ replied Arbogad: ‘ all I can tell is, that Moabdar lost his senses, and was murdered; that the people of

‘ Babylon are destroying one another; and that the
 ‘ whole empire is laid waste. There are some fine
 ‘ strokes yet to be taken; and, for my part, I have
 ‘ been already pretty successful.’—‘ But the queen,
 ‘ sir!’ said Zadig; ‘ are you acquainted with the fate
 ‘ of the queen?’—‘ I have heard something of a prince
 ‘ of Hircania,’ replied he: ‘ if she was not slain in the
 ‘ tumult, she is probably one of his concubines. But
 ‘ I am more anxious for booty than for news. I have
 ‘ taken many ladies in my excursions, but I never keep
 ‘ them. When they are beautiful I sell them for the
 ‘ best price I can, without minding who they are.
 ‘ Nothing is given on account of rank; and a queen
 ‘ who is ugly will never find any one inclined to buy
 ‘ her. Perhaps I may have sold the queen, or perhaps
 ‘ she may be dead; but that is of little importance to
 ‘ me, and I suppose you have no more reason to trou-
 ‘ ble yourself about it than I have.’ After this he
 drank so plentifully, that all his ideas were too much
 confused for Zadig to gain any farther information:
 he was struck dumb, confounded, and remained mo-
 tionless as a statue. Arbogad continued drinking,
 told a number of merry stories, incessantly repeated
 that he was the happiest man alive, and invited Zadig
 to become as chearful as himself. At length, being
 overcome by the fumes of his liquor, he sunk into a
 profound sleep; while Zadig passed the night in the
 most violent agitations. ‘ What,’ said he, ‘ the king
 ‘ then has lost his senses! he is slain! I cannot but
 ‘ lament his fate. The empire is torn to pieces, and
 ‘ yet this robber is happy! O Fortune! O Destiny!—
 ‘ A man who lives by rapine is happy; and the most
 ‘ amiable creature that Nature ever framed has, per-
 ‘ haps, either suffered an ignominious death, or lives
 ‘ in a state worse than even death itself! O Astarte!
 ‘ O Astarte!—what is become of thee?’

As soon as day-light appeared, he enquired about
 Astarte of every one he saw; but all were busy, and

nobody made him any answer. During the night fresh plunder had been brought in, and they were employed in dividing the spoil. All he could obtain in this tumultuous confusion, was the permission to depart; of which he took advantage without delay, and left the castle of Arbogad more overwhelmed with grief and deep reflection than he had ever yet been.

Zadig proceeded on his way greatly agitated and disturbed: his thoughts were wholly employed on the unhappy Astarte; on the king of Babylon; on his faithful friend Cador; on Arbogad, the happy robber; on the capricious female whom the Babylonians had seized on the confines of Egypt; and, in short, on all the misfortunes, he had ever experienced.

C H A P. XIV.

The Fisherman.

WHEN Zadig had travelled some few leagues from the castle of Arbogad, he approached the banks of a small river, still lamenting his unhappy fate, and considering himself as the most unfortunate man existing. He there beheld a fisherman lying by the water-side, who was scarce able to hold, with his weak and trembling hand, a net which he seemed little to regard; and raising up his eyes towards heaven—‘I am certainly the most miserable wretch alive!’ said the fisherman: ‘I have been, in the opinion of every one, the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in all Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the most beautiful wife that a man in my station could wish; and by her I have been cruelly forsaken. There still remained my poor house; but even that I have seen pillaged and destroyed. I have taken shelter in a cabin; I have no other resource besides fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish. O my net! I will no more throw thee into the water; it is myself I will throw into it.’ On uttering these

words, he arose, and advanced forward, in the posture of a man going to throw himself into the stream, in order to put an end to his life. 'What,' said 'Zadig to himself, 'is there a man living more 'wretched than I?' His eagerness to save the fisherman was as sudden as this reflection. He ran to him; stopped him; and questioned him, with an air of pity and compassion. We seem to be less unhappy when we have companions in our misfortunes: according to Zoroaster, this is not owing to a malignant disposition, but is the effect of a fatal necessity; for we then find ourselves attached to an unfortunate person, as to our own likeness. The transports of the happy would be insults; but two men in distress are like two weak and slender trees, which leaning together, mutually support and fortify each other against the storms that blow around them. 'Why,' said 'Zadig to the fisherman, 'do 'you sink under your misfortunes?—'Because I 'find no means of relief,' replied he. 'I have 'been the most considerable person in the whole village of Derlback, near Babylon; and I made, by 'my wife's assistance, the best cream-cheese in the 'empire of Persia. Queen Astarte, and the famous 'minister Zadig, admired them extremely. I sent 'to their houses six hundred cheeses, and one day 'went to the city to be paid; when I was informed, on my arrival in Babylon, that both the 'queen and Zadig had disappeared. I ran to the 'house of lord Zadig, whom I had never seen, and 'found there the officers of the grand desterham; 'who, being provided with a royal licence, plundered it with great loyalty and order. I then flew 'to the queen's kitchen; where some of the lords 'of the mouth told me she was dead, others that 'she was in prison, and others pretended that she 'was fled; but all of them assured me that my 'cheeses would never be paid for. I then went 'with my wife to lord Orcan's—for he was one

‘ of my customers—and we begged his protection
‘ in our distress. He readily granted it to my wife,
‘ but refused it to me. She was whiter, sir, than
‘ the cream-cheeses that began my misfortunes; and
‘ the bloom of her lovely cheeks was ten times more
‘ beautiful than the finest Tyrian purple: it was
‘ for this reason Orcan detained her, and refused his
‘ protection to me. I wrote to my dear wife a letter
‘ of desperation. She said to the messenger—
“ It is very well; I have some little knowledge of
“ the writer; I have heard speak of him: they say
“ he makes excellent cream-cheese; let him bring
“ me some, and he shall be paid.”

‘ In the height of my misfortunes, I determined
‘ to seek redress in a court of equity: I had but
‘ six ounces of gold, and it was necessary for me to
‘ give two ounces to my counsellor, two to the solicitor
‘ who undertook my affair, and the other two
‘ to the judge’s clerk. When all this was done,
‘ my business was not yet began, although I had
‘ expended more money than my cheese and my wife
‘ were worth. Notwithstanding this, I returned to
‘ the village, with an intention to sell my house,
‘ in order to regain my wife.

‘ My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold;
‘ but as my neighbours saw me poor, and obliged
‘ to sell it, the first to whom I addressed myself
‘ offered me thirty, the second twenty, and the third
‘ ten. At length, when I was ready to come to
‘ an agreement with one of them, the prince of Hircania
‘ came to Babylon; and, laying waste all before
‘ him, my poor house, among the rest, was first
‘ plundered of every thing valuable, and afterwards
‘ reduced to ashes.

‘ Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my
‘ house, I retired to the place where you now see
‘ me. I have endeavoured to procure my subsistence
‘ by fishing; but the fish, as well as all mankind,
‘ desert me: I scarce catch one in a day. I

‘ am ready to die with hunger; and had it not been
‘ for your kind interposition, I should ere now have
‘ perished in the river.’

The fisherman did not make this long recital all at once; for Zadig, moved and transported, every moment repeated—‘ What! do you not know what
‘ is become of the queen?’—‘ No, my lord, replied the fisherman; ‘ but this I know, to my grief,
‘ that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me
‘ for my cream-cheeses: that my wife is taken from
‘ me; and that I am driven to the very brink of
‘ despair.’—‘ I flatter myself,’ said Zadig, ‘ that you
‘ will not lose all your money. I have heard much
‘ talk of this Zadig; they say he is an honest man;
‘ and if he return to Babylon, as it is to be hoped
‘ he will, no doubt but he will give you even more
‘ than he owes. But as for your wife, who does
‘ not appear to me over honest, I advise you not
‘ to seek after her. Take my advice, and make
‘ the best of your way to Babylon: I shall be there
‘ before you, because I shall ride, and you will go
‘ on foot. Address yourself to the illustrious Cad-
‘ dor, tell him you have seen his friend, and wait
‘ for me at his house. Go, follow my directions,
‘ and perhaps you may not always be unhappy.

‘ O puissant Orofinades!’ continued Zadig, ‘ thou
‘ makest use of me to bestow comfort on this man,
‘ whom thou hast ordained to give me comfort.’ In
speaking thus, he gave to the fisherman half the
money he had brought from Arabia; and the fish-
erman, transported with joy, and filled with amaze-
ment, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and
cried out—‘ You are certainly an angel sent to save
‘ me!’

Zadig, however, still continued to make fresh en-
quiries, not without tears. ‘ What, my lord,’ cried
the fisherman, ‘ are you then so unhappy, who have
‘ loaded me with benefits?’—‘ I am an hundred times
‘ more unhappy than you,’ replied Zadig. ‘ But

‘how is it possible,’ said he, ‘that the person who gives should have more cause for complaint than he who receives?’

‘It is because your greatest misfortunes,’ returned Zadig, ‘arose from your necessity, and mine from the heart.’—‘Has Orcan, then, taken your wife?’ said the fisherman. This last interrogation recalled to Zadig the remembrance of all his adventures: he repeated the train of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen’s dog, and ending with his arrival at the castle of the robber Arbogad. ‘Ah!’ said he to the fisherman, ‘Orcan deserves to be severely punished; but it is commonly such men as him who are the favourites of Fortune. However, go to my friend Cador’s immediately, and there wait for me.’ They then separated: the fisherman walked, thanking Destiny; and Zadig rode, constantly accusing the decrees of Fate.

CH A P. XV.

The Basilisk.

ZADIG being arrived in a very beautiful meadow, perceived several young Syrian females looking in the grass with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and asked if he might have the honour to assist them in their search. ‘Take care what you do,’ replied the fair Assyrian; ‘what we are searching for can only be touched by a female.’—‘That is somewhat strange!’ said Zadig: ‘may I beg to be informed what this curiosity is that the ladies only are allowed to touch?’—‘It is a basilisk,’ replied she. ‘A basilisk, fair one! For what reason, pray, do you seek for a basilisk?’—‘It is,’ said she, ‘for our lord and master Ogul, whose castle you see on the banks of that river at the end of the meadow: we are all his most humble slaves. The lord Ogul is sick; and his physician has ordered him to eat

‘ a basilisk stewed in rose-water. As this is a very
‘ scarce animal, and will suffer nothing to approach
‘ it but one of our sex, the lord Ogul has pro-
‘ mised to chuse for his well-beloved wife her who
‘ first brings him a basilisk. Do not, therefore, longer
‘ detain me from the search, since you see what I
‘ shall lose if I am circumvented by my compa-
‘ nions.’

Zadig then withdrew, and left the Syrian ladies in search of their imaginary booty, in order to pursue his intended journey. But when he came to the banks of a rivulet at the remotest part of the meadow, he perceived another female lying on the grass, who was not employed in seeking for any thing. Her stature seemed majestick, but her face was covered with a veil. She was leaning towards the brook, and profound sighs issued from her mouth. She held in her hand a small wand, with which she traced characters on a fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook. Zadig had the curiosity to draw near, in order to discover what this lady was writing. He approached her; he saw the letter Z; then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a D; he started. Never was surprize equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He stood for some time immoveable: at last breaking silence, with a faltering voice — ‘ O generous lady!’ cried he, ‘ forgive
‘ a stranger, an unfortunate man, who preumes to
‘ ask by what astonishing adventure he finds here the
‘ name of Zadig traced out by so lovely a hand?’ At this voice, and at these words, the lady arose; and with a trembling hand pulled up her veil, looked at Zadig, cast forth a cry of tenderness, surprize, and joy; and, sinking under the various emotions which at the same instant agitated her soul, fell senseless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whom he had so deeply lamented, and for

whose fate he had been under such dreadful apprehensions! He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses; while his eyes were fixed on the lovely Astarte, who now began to revive, and gazed on him with looks of the sweetest confusion and tenderness. ‘O ye immortal powers!’ cried he, ‘who preside over the destiny of feeble mortals; have ye indeed restored Astarte to me! How strange the time, the place, the state, in which I see her!’ He then threw himself on his knees before her, and laid his forehead amidst the dust of her feet; but the queen raised him up, and made him sit near her on the bank of the rivulet. She often wiped away the tears from her eyes, which as often were renewed by her grief; and more than twenty times resumed her discourse, which was so frequently interrupted by her sighs. She enquired by what accident they were brought together, and suddenly prevented his answer by new questions. She put a stop to the recital of her own misfortunes, and would know those of Zadig. In short, both having a little appeased the tumult of their souls, Zadig related in a few words the motives that had brought him thither. ‘But tell me, O unhappy but ever worthy queen!’ cried he, ‘by what means is it that I find you in this solitary place, cloathed in this servile manner, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are in search of a basilisk; which I find is, by the order of a physician, to be stewed in rose-water, as a specifick for his dying patient?’

‘While they are busied in the fruitless search,’ said the lovely Astarte, ‘I will acquaint you with what I have suffered since last I saw you; for which heaven has indeed sufficiently recompensed me, by permitting me to see you again.

‘You know the king my husband was displeased at your being the most amiable of all mankind, and that for this reason he took the resolution to have you strangled, and to poison me. You know, like-

‘ wife, how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the order given by his sublime majesty.

‘ Scarce had the faithful Cador obliged you to comply with my request, and depart, than he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight, by a secret passage, and conveyed me to the temple of Grosniades ; where the magi his brother shut me up in that huge statue, whose base reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whose head rises to the top of the dome. There I lay concealed, or rather buried, for some time ; but was carefully attended, and furnished with every necessary, by that venerable and loyal priest. In the mean time, the king’s apothecary entered my chamber by break of day, with a potion in his hand, composed of henbane, opium, hemlock, black hellebore, and aconite ; and another officer went to yours, with a silk bowstring. Our flight had, however, happily frustrated their designs. Then Cador, the better to deceive the king, affected to accuse us both, and informed him that you had taken the road to the Indies, and that I was fled to Memphis : on which the guards were immediately dispatched after both of us.

‘ The couriers who went in search of me, knew nothing of my features ; for, by the king’s express orders, I had hardly ever shown my face to any besides yourself. They followed the pursuit, on the description that had been given them of my person ; till a woman of the same stature as myself, but who perhaps had more charms, appeared before them on the frontiers of Egypt. She was found alone, and in a very disconsolate condition ; they therefore made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly took her to Moabdar. Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent rage ; but, having considered her more attentively, he found her extremely beautiful, and became reconciled. This lady was called Missouf ; and I have since been

‘ informed that her name, in the Egyptian tongue,
‘ signifies *the capricious fair one* : a title to which she
‘ certainly was well entitled. She had, however, as
‘ much art as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and
‘ had sufficient influence over him to make him chuse
‘ her for his wife. She then began to unfold her real-
‘ character, and gave herself up to all the fantastical
‘ whims of her vain imagination : she endeavoured to
‘ oblige the chief of the magi, who was old, and
‘ troubled with the gout, to dance before her ; and, on
‘ his refusal, she made him suffer the effects of her re-
‘ sentment. She ordered her master of the horse to
‘ make her a pye of sweetmeats : the master of the
‘ horse wisely represented that he was not a pastry-
‘ cook ; but his making the pye was an affair of great
‘ importance, and she degraded him from his office,
‘ for being too obstinate. She gave the post of master
‘ of the horse to her dwarf, and the place of chancel-
‘ lor to a page. In this manner did she govern Baby-
‘ len. Every body regretted the loss of me. The
‘ king, who had behaved with great uprightness,
‘ till the moment he resolved to poison me, and cause
‘ you to be strangled, seemed to have drowned his vir-
‘ tues in the prodigious fondness he had discovered for
‘ the capricious fair. He came to the temple on the
‘ solemn festival of the sacred fire ; and I saw him im-
‘ plore the gods in behalf of Mislouf, at the feet of
‘ the statue in which I was inclosed. I then raised my
‘ voice, and cried out—“ The gods refuse to listen to
‘ the vows of a king, who is become a tyrant ; who
‘ has sought the life of his innocent consort ; and has
‘ suffered one to supply her place, who is distinguished
‘ only by her folly.” At these words Moabdar was
‘ confounded, and his head became disordered. The
‘ oracle I had pronounced, and the behaviour of Mis-
‘ slouf, disturbed his judgment, and in a few days his
‘ reason entirely forsook him.

‘ His madness, which seemed a chastisement from
‘ heaven, was as the signal of a revolt. The people

‘ arose; they ran to arms; and Babylon, that had so
‘ long indulged herself in indolence and ease, became
‘ the seat of a dreadful civil war. I was now taken
‘ from the hollow of the statue, and placed at the head
‘ of a party; and Cador hastened to Memphis, that he
‘ might bring you back to Babylon. The prince of
‘ Hircania, hearing of these fatal contests, came with
‘ his army, and made a third party in Chaldea. He
‘ attacked the king, who fled before him with his ca-
‘ pricious Egyptian. Moabdar was so closely pur-
‘ sued, that he died of the wounds he received in his
‘ retreat, and Missouf fell into the hands of the con-
‘ queror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by
‘ a party of Hircanians, and was led to the prince, at
‘ the very instant when Missouf was brought before
‘ him. Your vanity will perhaps be flattered, by
‘ learning that the prince esteemed me more beautiful
‘ than the Egyptian: but you will no doubt be af-
‘ flicted to hear that he destined me for his seraglio.
‘ He told me, with great resolution, that, as soon as
‘ he had completed a military expedition which he
‘ was going to perform, he would honour me with a
‘ visit. Figure to yourself what was then my grief!
‘ The bonds which had bound me to Moabdar were
‘ broken; I had the opportunity of being the bride of
‘ Zadig, and was fallen into the power of a barbarian!
‘ I answered him with all the pride that sprung from
‘ my rank and lofty sentiments; having been always
‘ told that heaven bestowed on persons, like me, such
‘ peculiar marks of grandeur, as, with a word or
‘ glance, reduced to the lowliness of the most profound
‘ humility those rash persons who dared to swerve from
‘ their duty. I spoke like a queen; but was treated
‘ like the most servile domestick. The Hircanian,
‘ without even condescending to address himself to me,
‘ turned to his black eunuch, and told him that I was
‘ impertinent, but he thought me handsome. He or-
‘ dered him to take care of me, and to put me under

‘ the regimen of his favourites, to the end that, my
‘ colour being heightened, I might be rendered more
‘ worthy of his favours, on the day in which he should
‘ be pleased to honour me. I told him, that I would
‘ first put a period to my existence: he replied, laugh-
‘ ing, that life was a blessing too valuable to be thrown
‘ away; and that he was prepared for such speeches.
‘ He then left me, with the negligence of a person
‘ who had just put up a parrot in its gilded cage.
‘ What a state was this for the first queen of the uni-
‘ verse! and, what is more, for a heart devoted to
‘ Zadig!’

At these endearing expressions Zadig prostrated him-
self before the queen, and bathed her feet with his
tears: when Astarte tenderly raised him up, and pro-
ceeded thus—‘ I found myself in the power of a bar-
‘ barian, and the rival of a silly coquette with whom I
‘ was confined. She related to me her adventure in
‘ Egypt; and I judged by the lineaments she painted,
‘ by the time, by the dromedary on which you was
‘ mounted, and by every circumstance, that Zadig had
‘ fought for her. I did not doubt of your being at
‘ Memphis, and therefore took the resolution to retire
‘ thither. “ Beautiful Missouf!” said I, “ you are
“ much more agreeable than me; much better will
“ you divert the prince of Hircania: facilitate as
“ much as possible the means of my escape, you will
“ then reign alone; and, while you render me happy,
“ will at the same time free yourself from the fear
“ of a rival.” Missouf listened to my request; she
‘ joined with me in concerting the means of my flight;
‘ and I secretly departed with an Egyptian slave.

‘ No sooner had we reached the borders of Arabia,
‘ than a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized upon
‘ me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought
‘ me to this castle, the abode of the lord Ogul, where
‘ I was purchased without being known. He is a
‘ man who delights in voluptuousness; seeks for no-
‘ thing but to gratify his appetites; and believes the

‘ Almighty has sent him into the world merely to sit
‘ at table. He is excessively corpulent, and in continual danger of suffocation. His physician, whom he
‘ but little regards when he has a good digestion, governs him, when he has eat too much, with the most
‘ despotick sway. He has persuaded him at present
‘ that his life is in danger, and nothing can cure him
‘ but a basilisk stewed in rose-water : the lord Ogul
‘ has therefore promised his hand to the female slave
‘ who first brings him a basilisk. You see I have left
‘ them to obtain this honour ; and I never had less desire
‘ to find the basilisk, than since heaven has permitted
‘ me to see you again.’

After this declaration, they gave utterance to those tender sensations that had been so long smothered, and said all that love and misfortunes can inspire in hearts the most noble and passionate ; while the Genii who preside over love wasted their mutual vows of eternal constancy and truth even to the sphere of Venus.

The whole train of slaves, after a long and fruitless search, returned to Ogul ; when Zadig presented himself before him, and spoke to this effect—‘ May immortal health descend from heaven to preserve a life
‘ so precious as yours ! I am a physician, and have
‘ hasted hither, at the report of your sickness, with a
‘ basilisk stewed in rose-water. As I can have no
‘ benefit of the high reward you have offered, in case
‘ my application succeeds, I only desire the liberty of
‘ a young Babylonian slave you have for some days
‘ had in your possession ; and I consent to remain in
‘ slavery in her place, if I am not so happy as to restore
‘ the magnificent and illustrious lord Ogul to his
‘ former health and vigour.’

The proposal was accepted immediately, and Astarte set out for Babylon ; promising speedily to send a courier to inform Zadig of all that should have passed. Their parting was as their meeting had been. The moment in which we meet, and in which we separate,

are (as it is written in the Sacred book of Zend) the two most remarkable epochs of life. Zadig's love for the queen equalled his protestations; and the queen's love for Zadig was much greater than her words expressed.

In the mean time, Zadig spoke thus to Ogul—‘ My lord, my basilisk is not to be eaten; all its virtues must penetrate through the pores. I have put it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine skin: you must strike it with all your strength; and I must strike it back for some time. When you have for a few days practised this regimen, the effects of my art will be perceived.’ On the first day Ogul was quite fatigued, and imagined he could not survive; on the second he was less tired, and slept better; in eight days he recovered all the strength, health, activity, and vigour, of his most agreeable years. ‘ You have played at ball and been moderate,’ said Zadig. ‘ Know, then, that there is no such creature on earth as a basilisk; that exercise and temperance are friends to health; and that the art of making health and intemperance subsist together, is as chimerical as judicial astrology, or the philosopher’s stone.’

Ogul’s former physician now perceiving how dangerous this man was to the cause of physick, raised a party amongst his dependants in order to destroy him; but, while they were concerting the destruction of Zadig, he received a courier from queen Astarte.

C H A P. XVI.

The Tournament.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all those transports which are usually felt in favour of injured beauty. Babylon was at this time perfectly quiet and serene. The prince of Hircania had been slain in battle; and the Babylonians being conquerors, declared that Astarte should marry him whom they should chuse for their sovereign. They would not

have the first office in the world, that of husband to Astarte, and King of Babylon, depend on intrigues and cabals; they therefore swore to acknowledge for their king only him who was most valiant and possessed of the greatest wisdom. The lists were marked out at some leagues from the city, and surrounded by a magnificent amphitheatre. The combatants were to repair thither completely armed, and each had behind the amphitheatre a separate apartment, where he was neither to be seen nor known by any one. He was successively to encounter four knights; and those who were so happy as to conquer that number, were afterwards to engage against each other, in such a manner as that he who remained the last master of the field should be proclaimed conqueror at the games.

Four days after, he was to return with the same arms, and to explain such enigmas as the magi should propose; and, if he did not explain them, he was not to be king. The running at the lances was then to begin again, till a man should be found who was conqueror at both these combats; for they were resolutely bent on having a king possessed of the greatest valour and the most consummate wisdom. During all this time the queen was to be closely guarded, and only permitted to be a distant spectator of the games, covered with a veil; but they would not allow her to speak to any of the competitors, that they might have neither favour nor injustice.

Astarte made known to her lover the preliminary articles above mentioned, not doubting but he would shew himself, in such a cause, superior to every other person both in valour and wisdom. Zadig accordingly set out for Babylon; and besought Venus to fortify his courage, and illuminate his understanding, on this very important occasion.

He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day, and caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his

face and name, as the law required, and then went to repose himself in the apartment allotted him.

His friend Cador, who was returned to Babylon, after having in vain sought for him in Egypt, sent to his lodge a complete suit of armour, presented him by the queen, and also from himself the finest horse in Persia. Zadig attributed these presents to Astarte; and from this consideration his courage and his love derived fresh strength, and his mind was inspired with new hopes.

The next morning the queen having placed herself under a canopy sparkling with jewels, and the amphitheatre being filled with all the ladies, and with people of every station in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi; with these devices they drew lots, and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced, was a lord of great wealth, named Itobad; he was filled with vanity, had little courage, was extremely awkward, and almost void of understanding. His parasites had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be a king; he had answered them—‘Such a man as me ought to reign.’ They had therefore armed him from head to foot. His armour was pure gold covered with green enamel; he had a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was quickly perceived, by the manner in which Itobad governed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven had destined the sceptre of Babylon. The first knight who tilted with him, drove him out of his saddle; the second threw him backwards over the horse’s crupper, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. He soon recovered himself, however, but with so ill a grace, that all the amphitheatre laughed heartily. A third disdained to use his lance against him, but making a feigned pass, took him by the right leg, and turning him half round, threw him upon the sand. The squires who attended ran

laughing to his assistance, and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth knight then caught him by the left leg, and threw him off on the other side. After this, he was conveyed with scornful shouts from the multitude to his lodge, where, according to the rule prescribed, he was obliged to pass the night; and, as he hobbled with great difficulty along—‘What an adventure,’ sighed he, ‘is this, for such a man as me!’

The other knights performed their duty much better. There were those who conquered two combatants one after another; some proceeded even to three: none, however, but Prince Otamus, vanquished four. Zadig, at last, entered the lists, and successively threw four knights out of their saddles with the most graceful ease imaginable. It now remained to be tried whether Otamus or Zadig should be conqueror. The armour of the first was blue and gold, with a plume of the same colours; Zadig’s were white. The wishes of the multitude were divided between the blue knight and the white. The queen, whose heart suffered the most violent palpitations, fervently petitioned heaven in behalf of the white.

The two champions made their passes and volts with such agility, they mutually gave and received such shocks from each other’s lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every one but the queen wished to have two kings in Babylon. At last, their horses being weary, and their lances broken, Zadig made use of this stratagem; he passed artfully behind his antagonist, sprung nimbly upon his horse, seized the knight in his arms, threw him to the earth, and placing himself on the saddle, wheeled about Otamus, who lay extended in the dust. All the spectators cried out with loud acclamations ‘Victory to the white knight!’ Otamus, highly enraged, arose and drew his sword, and Zadig leaped from his horse with his sabre in his hand. They were now both on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility

triumphed by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their brassarts, and the rings of which their armour was composed, flew afar off, by the force of a thousand precipitate blows. They sometimes struck at each other with their swords, at other times they thrust, as occasion best served; now on the right, then on the left; now on the head, then at the breast: they retreated, they advanced; they kept at a distance, they closed again; they grappled with each other, twining themselves like serpents; in short, they struggled and engaged as fiercely as two Lybian lions fighting for their prey, and their swords struck fire almost at every blow. At last Zadig for a moment stood still, and having in an instant recovered his breath, made a false pass at the prince, threw him on the ground, and disarmed him. Otamus then cried out — ‘O thou knight in white armour! it is you alone who are destined to reign over Babylon.’ The queen was transported with joy. The knight in blue armour, and the knight in white, were each conducted to their lodges, in conformity to the rules prescribed, and they were waited on by mutes, who carried them proper refreshments. It is easy to imagine that the queen’s dwarf was appointed to wait on Zadig. After supper the mutes withdrew, and left the combatants to rest their wearied limbs till the next morning, when the conqueror was to produce his device before the grand magi, to compare it, and to make himself known.

Zadig slept pretty sound, notwithstanding his affection for the queen, so much was he fatigued: but Itobad, who lay near him, could not once close his eyes; he arose therefore during the night, entered Zadig’s lodge, took his white armour and device, put his green armour in their place, and at day-break went boldly to the grand magi, to declare himself the mighty hero, the thrice happy conqueror. It is true, no one expected to see him the victor; he was, however, proclaimed, while Zadig

still slept. Astarte, astonished, and with her heart filled with despair, returned to Babylon. When Zadig awoke, the amphitheatre was almost empty; he sought for his arms, but finding none but the green, he was obliged to cover himself with them, because he had nothing else near him: confounded and enraged, he put them on, and went forth in this equipage.

Those who still remained in the circus, now received him with hootings; they surrounded him, and insulted him to his face: never man suffered such humbling mortifications. At length, his patience forsook him; he dispersed, by striking with his sabre, the populace who dared to affront him; but he knew not what measures to pursue, or how to rectify the mistake. He could not see the queen, nor could he reclaim the white armour she had sent him, without exposing her: thus, while plunged in grief, he was filled with rage and inquietude. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that Fate had destined him to be irremediably wretched, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the damsel who had an aversion to one-eyed men, to that by which he had lost his armour. "This has happened," said he, "from my having awaked too late. Had I slept less, I should not only have been king of Babylon, but should also have been completely happy in the embraces of my dearest Astarte. The vast knowledge of the sciences, the sincere love of virtue, and the personal strength and courage I can boast, have answered no other purpose than involving me in misfortunes." He at last presumed to murmur at the unequal dispensation of Divine Providence: and was tempted to believe that all occurrences were governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and gave prosperity to knights in green armour. One cause of his vexation was, his wearing the very green armour which had drawn on him such disgrace; and a merchant happening to pass by, exchanged it for a robe

and bonnet. In this dress he walked along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with the deepest despair, and secretly accusing Providence for involving him in so many afflictions.

C H A P. XVII.

The Hermit.

WHILE Zadig was thus rambling, he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard descended even to his girdle, and who held in his hand a book which he seemed to read with much attention. Zadig approached him with a most profound obeisance, and the hermit returned his salute with an air so noble and beneficent, that he had the curiosity to converse with him. He asked of the venerable stranger the subject of the book he was reading; who informed him, it was the Book of Fate; and demanding if he wished to peruse it, put the book into his hands. Zadig, notwithstanding he was versed in many languages, could not explain a single character; this still more increased his curiosity. 'You appear to me much disturbed,' said the good father. 'Alas! I have but too much reason to be so,' said Zadig. 'If you permit me to accompany you,' replied the hermit, 'perhaps I may be of service to you; for I have sometimes poured the balm of consolation into the souls of the unhappy.' The air, the beard, and the book of the hermit, filled Zadig with the greatest respect for this venerable stranger, whose conversation diffused a superior and sublime knowledge into his soul. He discoursed of destiny, of justice, of morals, of the sovereign good, of human frailty, and of virtues and vices, with such a lively and persuasive eloquence, that Zadig felt himself attached to his person by an irresistible charm, and earnestly entreated the venerable stranger not to leave him till they returned to Babylon. 'I myself desire this favour,' said the old man: 'swear by Orosinades, that whatever I do, you

‘ will not leave me for some days at least.’ Zadig signified his assent, and they set out together.

The two travellers arrived that evening at a superb castle, when the hermit begged an hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, who might have been taken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful goodness; and they were conducted to a principal domestic, who shewed them the magnificent apartments of his master. They were admitted to the lower end of his hall without being honoured by the lord of the castle with the least notice; but were served with the same decency and profusion as the rest of his guests. After supper, water was brought them to wash, in a gold basin adorned with rubies and emeralds; and they were then conducted to an apartment richly furnished, in which they took their rest. When they arose in the morning, a servant presented to each a piece of gold, and they proceeded on their way.

‘ The lord of this castle,’ said Zadig, as they passed along, ‘ appears to me a very hospitable man, though somewhat too haughty.’ While he uttered these words, he took notice that the hermit’s pocket, though very large, was considerably extended, and soon perceived that this appearance was occasioned by the golden basin which his fellow traveller had stolen. He was afraid to mention what he saw, but the thoughts of it gave him much concern. About noon, the hermit stood before the door of a little cottage, the residence of a rich miser, and desired they might refresh themselves for a few hours; when an old servant, ill clothed, let them in with a visible reluctance, and conducted the hermit and Zadig into a stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, bad bread, and sour beer. The hermit eat and drank with as contented an air as he had done the preceding evening: then addressing himself to the old servant, who carefully watched them both, to see that they stole nothing, and often reminded them that the day was declining apace, he gave him the two

pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his respectful behaviour. 'Pray,' added he, 'permit me to speak to your master.' The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. 'Munificent lord!' said the hermit, 'I cannot but render you my most humble thanks for the friendly manner in which you have received us: be pleased to accept this golden basin, as a small testimony of my gratitude.' The miser started, and was ready to fall to the earth; the hermit, however, did not give him time to recover from his surprize, but instantly departed with his young traveller. 'Father,' said Zadig, 'what is the meaning of all I have seen? In nothing do you appear to resemble other men: you have stole a gold basin set with precious stones from a lord who entertained us magnificently, and have given it to a sordid wretch who treated you with the greatest indignity.'---'My son,' replied the hermit, 'that magnificent personage, who entertains strangers with no other view than to gratify his pride, and raise their astonishment at the richness of his furniture, will become more wise for the future; and the miser will henceforth learn better to exercise the duties of hospitality. Be astonished at nothing; but follow me.' Zadig was not yet certain whether his companion was the silliest person in the world, or one who surpassed all mankind in wisdom and discernment: but the hermit spoke with such authority, that Zadig, not to mention his oath, could not help following him.

At night they arrived at a house very commodiously built, though with great simplicity, and without the least appearance either of prodigality or avarice. The master was a philosopher, who had retired from the world, that he might cultivate in peace his improvement in wisdom and virtue. In this retreat he received strangers with great cordiality, but without any ostentation. He went himself to introduce the two travellers, and led them to a commodious apartment, where he

desired they would rest themselves. Some time after, he came himself to invite them to a frugal, but genteel repast; during which he talked very intelligently about the late revolutions in Babylon. He appeared sincerely attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown: 'But the people,' added he, 'do not deserve to have a king like Zadig.' A modest blush diffused itself over the cheeks of Zadig at this unexpected compliment, which not only renewed, but redoubled the keen sense of his misfortunes. It was agreed that the affairs of this world are not always conducted so as to please the wise: but the hermit steadily maintained, that the ways of Providence were unknown; and that men were to blame to judge of the whole, when they perceived only the smallest part.

The next topic of their discourse was that of the passions. 'Alas!' said Zadig, 'how fatal are their effects!'---'They are the winds which swell the sails of the vessel,' returned the hermit. 'Sometimes, it is true, they sink it; but there is no sailing without them. The bile renders us sick and choleric, but is yet necessary for the support of life: thus every thing below is dangerous, yet still every thing is necessary.'

They then discoursed of pleasures, and the hermit demonstrated that they were the gifts of Heaven. 'Man,' said he, 'can give himself neither sensations nor ideas, he receives them all; his pain and pleasure are therefore derived from the same source as his being.'

Zadig was astonished, that a man who had committed such base actions should be able to reason so well. At length, after a conversation, as instructive as it was agreeable, their host led the two strangers back to their apartment, blessing Heaven for having sent him two men so wise and so virtuous. He offered them money in so free a manner, that it was impossible they could be displeased. The hermit refused it, and said that he must take his leave, as he intended to set out

for Babylon before it was light. Their separation was polite and tender: Zadig, especially, felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of so amiable a disposition. When the hermit and he were retired to their apartment, they spent a long time in bestowing praises on their host. At break of day the old hermit awaked his companion: 'We must now,' said he, 'depart for Babylon; but while every body is yet asleep, I will leave our entertainer a testimony of my esteem and affection.' On saying these words he lighted a candle, and immediately set fire to the house. Zadig, in the utmost confusion, shrieked out, and would have prevented his committing so horrid an action; but the old man drew him away by a superior force, and the house was soon in flames. When they had reached a convenient distance, the hermit, with amazing serenity, turned to survey the destructive flames. 'Thanks be to God,' said he; 'the house of my dear host will be totally destroyed! happy, happy man!' Zadig was now tempted, at one and the same instant, to laugh at, to reproach the reverend father, to beat and to leave him: he did not, however, think proper to do either; for, subdued by the consequence the hermit had assumed, he followed him, in spite of himself, to the place where they were to take their rest. This was a charitable and virtuous widow's, who had a nephew about fourteen years of age; he was a very promising youth, and constituted her chief happiness. She performed, as well as she was able, the honours of her house; and the next day ordered her nephew to accompany the travellers to an adjacent bridge, which being lately broken down, was dangerous to be passed by strangers.

The youth being attentive to wait on them, walked cheerfully forward. When they were on the bridge--- 'Come,' said the hermit, 'I must shew my gratitude to your aunt.' He then took him gently by the hair, and with great calmness plunged him into the river. The youth immediately sunk; but soon appeared again on the surface of the water, and was swallowed up by

the torrent. 'O monster! O most wicked of men!' cried Zadig. 'You have promised to behave with greater patience,' said the hermit interrupting him. 'Learn, then, that under the ruins of that house which Providence has consumed by fire, the master has found an immense treasure, which will enable him the better to exert his beneficence, and render his virtues still more conspicuous. Learn, also, that this youth, whose life Providence has taken away by an untimely death, would have slain his aunt within the space of a year, and thee in that of two.'---'Who told you so, barbarian?' cried Zadig. 'And even though you had read such an event in your detested Book of Fate, are you permitted to drown a youth who never injured you?'

While Zadig thus spoke, he perceived that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his face discovered the soft traces of blooming youth; the hermit's habit disappeared, and four lovely wings covered a majestic form resplendent with light. 'O messenger of Heaven! O divine angel!' cried Zadig, falling prostrate on the earth; 'you are then descended from the Etnaean, to teach a frail mortal submission to the orders of the Eternal!'---'Man,' said the angel Jesrad, 'judges of all, without knowing any thing. You alone, of all the human race, are the man who best deserved to be enlightened.' Zadig begged that he would permit him to speak. 'I distrust myself,' said he; 'but suffer me to entreat you to remove one scruple from my mind. Would it not have been better to have corrected the child, and have rendered him virtuous, than to have drowned him in the river?' Jesrad replied---'If he had been virtuous, and had lived, he would himself have been assassinated, together with the wife he would have married, and the little infant, which in that case was destined to be the pledge of their mutual affection.'---'But why,' said Zadig, 'is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that misfortune should fall on

‘the guiltless?’ ‘The wicked,’ replied Jesrad, ‘are always unhappy. Misfortunes serve only as a touchstone, to prove a small number of the just thinly scattered throughout the earth; nor is there any evil from which some good doth not proceed.’---‘What,’ said Zadig, ‘if there was only good, and no evil?’ ‘Then,’ replied Jesrad, ‘this earth would be another earth; the chain of events would be another arrangement, conducted by wisdom; but this other arrangement, which would be absolutely perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme being, where no evil is permitted to approach. He has created millions of worlds, among which there are not two that resemble each other. This immense variety proceeds from his omnipotence. There are no two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the infinite fields of light, that perfectly resemble one another; and all that you see on the little atom whereon you are born, must of necessity exist in it’s own place, and at it’s appointed time, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends the whole. Mankind imagine that the child who has just perished, is fallen into the water by chance; and that it was also by chance that the house of our generous benefactor was consumed: but there is no such thing as chance or accident; it is all either a trial, a punishment, a reward, or a foresight. Remember the poor fisherman, who thought himself the most unhappy of men, Orofinades sent you to change his destiny. Cease, then, frail mortal, to dispute against what it is your duty to adore.’---‘But-----’ said Zadig. As he pronounced the word ‘but,’ the angel took his flight towards the tenth heaven. Zadig sunk on his knees and adored the wonders of Providence, with every mark of the most profound submission: when the angel cried from on high---‘Proceed towards Babylon.’

C H A P. XVIII.

The Ænigmas.

ZADIG, like a person deprived of his senses by loud claps of thunder, walked on without knowing whither. He, however, reached Babylon, on the day in which those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the vestibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi; and all the knights were arrived except him who wore the green armour. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people assembled about him; their eyes were not satisfied with seeing him, their lips poured forth blessings upon him, and their hearts wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass; he frowned, and turned aside. The people, with loud acclamations, attended him even to the palace gate. The queen, who had heard of his arrival, was in the utmost agony between fear and hope. Inquietude took possession of her mind; she could neither comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor how Itobad became possessed of the white armour. A confused murmur run through the whole assembly at the sight of Zadig; they were surprized and charmed at seeing him; but none besides the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the court. Zadig, however, cried out --- 'I have taken my share in the combats, though another bears my arms; and while I wait till I have the honour to prove my assertion, I demand permission to be admitted, that I may endeavour to explain the ænigmas.' The magi put Zadig's request to the vote; and his reputation for probity was still so strongly imprinted on their minds, that they unanimously agreed to admit him.

The first question proposed by the grand magi was this--- 'What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest, and most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and

‘ the most regretted ; without which nothing can be done ; which devours all that is small, and yet gives life and spirit to every thing that is great ? ’

Itobad had the honour to speak first. He replied, that so great a man as he had no knowledge of ænigmas ; and that it was enough for him to have conquered by his valour and the strength of his arm. Some said, that the meaning of the ænigma was *fortune* ; others the *earth* ; others, the *light* : but Zadig said that it was *TIME*. ‘ Nothing is longer,’ added he, ‘ since it is the measure of eternity ; nothing is more short, since it is insufficient to compleat our projects ; nothing is more slow to him who waits, nothing more rapid to him who enjoys ; it extends in greatness even to infinitude ; it is divisible into infinite smallness ; all men neglect it ; all lament it’s loss ; nothing can be done without it : it consigns to oblivion what is unworthy of being known by posterity ; and it immortalizes great and noble actions.’ The assembly agreed unanimously that Zadig was in the right.

The next question was---‘ What is the thing that we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others without knowing where it is to be found, and which we lose without being conscious of it’s loss ? ’

Every one gave his own explication ; but Zadig alone said that it was *LIFE* : and he solved all the other ænigmas proposed with equal facility. Itobad constantly said that nothing was more plain, and that he could have answered them with the same ease, if he had been inclined to have given himself the trouble. Questions were then proposed respecting justice, the sovereign good, and the art of government. Zadig’s answers were still judged to be the most solid. ‘ What a pity it is,’ said the magi, ‘ that a person of such consummate wisdom should be so bad a knight ! ’

‘ Most illustrious lords,’ cried Zadig, ‘ I have had the honour to be conqueror in the tournaments, and it is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Ito-

‘bañ took possession of it while I slept; judging, perhaps, that it would fit him better than the green. I am, however, ready to encounter before this august assembly, with my gown and sword, the usurper of the white armour, that you may be enabled to judge who it is that has had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus.’

Itobad, with the greatest confidence, accepted this challenge. His head being guarded by a helmet, his breast and back by his cuirass, and his arms by his brassards, he entertained no doubt but that he should easily obtain the advantage over a champion in a cap and gown. Zadig drew his sabre, and with it saluted the queen, who viewed him with a mixture of joy and fear. Itobad drew his, and, without any salutation, rushed on Zadig like one who had nothing to fear, and was determined to bear down all before him. Zadig, however, knew how to prevent the blow, by opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of his adversary’s, by which means Itobad’s sword was quickly broken. Zadig then seized him round the body, threw him to the earth, and placing the point of his sword to the opening of his cuirass----‘Suffer yourself to be disarmed,’ said Zadig, ‘or I will this moment take your life.’ Itobad, always surprized that any disgrace should happen to a person of his consequence, suffered Zadig to do as he pleased. He therefore very peacefully took away his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his rich brassards, and his brilliant cuisses; and cloathing himself with them, ran in this dress to throw himself at Astarte’s feet. Cador easily proved that the white armour belonged to Zadig; and he was thereupon acknowledged King of Babylon by the unanimous consent of the whole assembly; and more particularly with the approbation of Astarte; who, after such a series of misfortunes, had the happiness of seeing her beloved Zadig thought worthy to possess her in the eyes of all the world. Itobad withdrew, and was obliged to content himself with being called plain *lord* in his own

house; while Zadig was elected king, and possessed happiness equal to his wishes. He now began to reflect on what the angel Jesrad had said to him; he remembered the story of the grain of sand which became a diamond; and both himself and Astarte admired the wonders of Providence. He permitted Missouf, the capricious beauty, to roam where she pleased; and sent in search of Arbogad, the robber, to whom he gave an honourable post in the army, with a promise of advancing him to the highest dignities, if he behaved like a soldier of honour; but assured him he should be punished without mercy, if he continued to follow the profession of a robber.

Setoc was called from the farthest confines of Arabia, together with the fair Almona, to preside over the commercial affairs of Babylon; and Cador was promoted to one of the highest offices in the state, as the reward of his distinguished services, and was the king's chief favourite: indeed, he was strictly the friend of the king; and Zadig was then the only monarch on earth who had so true a friend. The little mute was not forgotten; and a very genteel house was given to the fisherman, to whom Orcan was condemned to pay a large sum of money, as well as to restore his wife: the fisherman had, however, obtained wisdom; he took only the money.

Zadig did not leave the beautiful Semira disconsolate, who had deserted him when she feared he would be blind of one eye; nor Azora comfortless, who had been willing to cut off his nose; but endeavoured to alleviate their sorrows by the most munificent presents. The envious Arimazes, indeed, died with shame and vexation. The empire now enjoyed peace, glory, and all the blessings of plenty. This was the most illustrious age of the earth. Babylon was wholly governed by justice and love. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed Heaven.

THE END OF ZADIG.



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